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ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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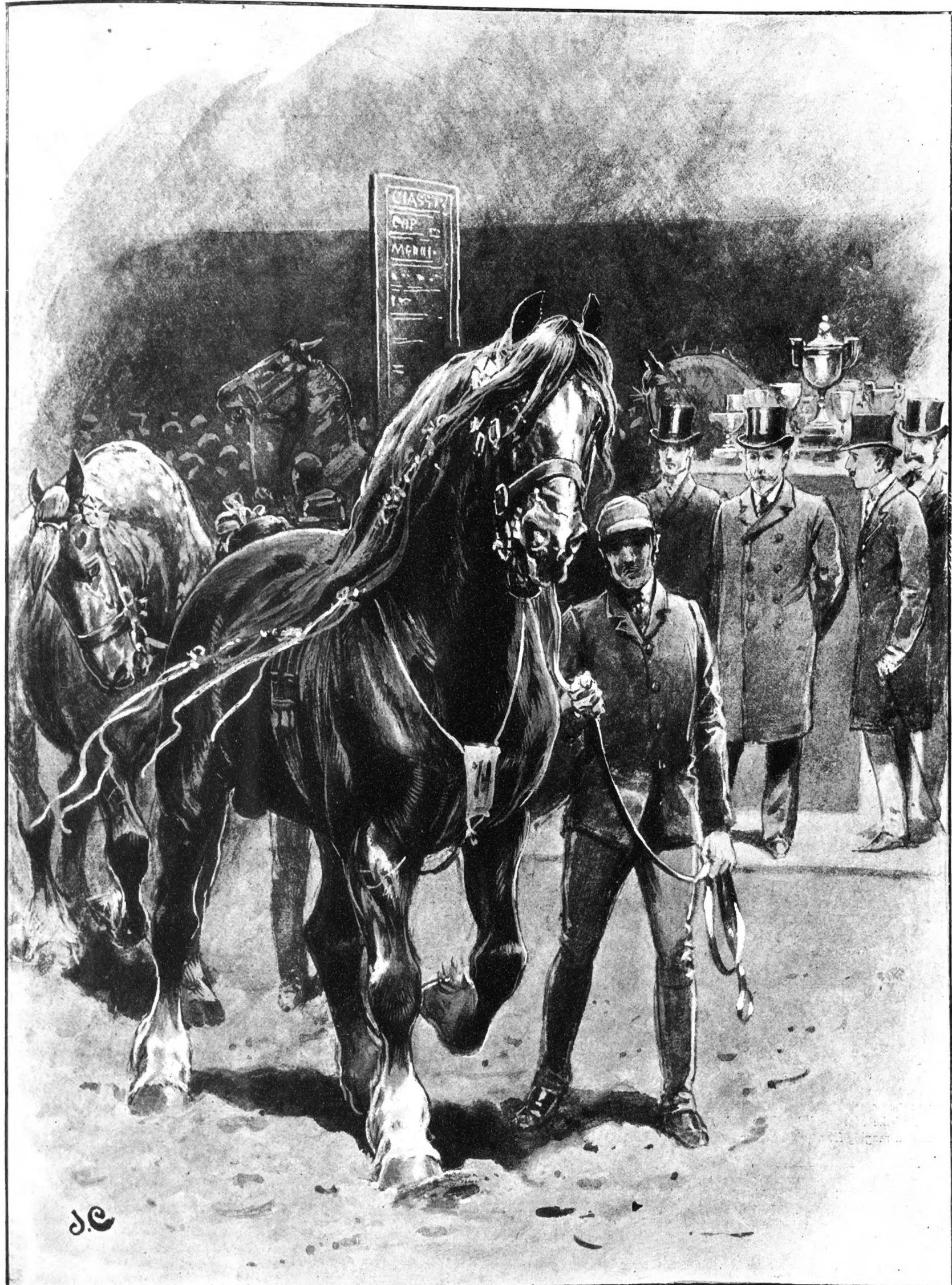
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
"The Cry is still they Come" By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON

THE PROCESSION OF CHAMPIONS BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

## Topics of the Week

**England and Russia in China** THE Far Eastern Question seems destined to become as permanent a worry to European statecraft as its Near Eastern analogue, and very largely for the same reasons. There is the same kind of Sick Man, the same Anglo-Russian rivalry, the same difficulty in the way of a conciliation of British and Russian interests. It does not, however, follow that the parallel must be continued to the end, for the Near Eastern Question has, at any rate, left behind it a vast accumulation of experience which, if applied to the Far East, should enable the Powers directly interested to come to some arrangement. The question is really a very simple one, and with goodwill and good faith on both sides ought to be easily solved. Russia has certain aspirations in Northern China and Manchuria. For the moment she is unable to realise them, partly because they involve operations which can only be gradually carried out, partly because the political situation is not propitious, and partly because it would be hazardous to attempt them until the railway communications with the Far East are completed. Meanwhile, however, it is essential to her that she should warn off all would-be trespassers, and that she should prevent other Powers from acquiring interests in the provinces she covets which would prevent her from annexing them in the fullness of time. In other words, she wants a sphere of influence in China, chiefly in Manchuria. Now, according to the Treaty rights of this country such a sphere of influence is impracticable. Those rights give us equality of opportunity with other Powers all over China, and hence deny to Russia any preferences in Manchuria or elsewhere. It is, however, to be observed that the protection of those rights largely depends on China's ability to defend herself. Unhappily, China is not in a position to resist any Power, and hence if we want to continue to enjoy the rights secured to us, we must be prepared to defend China against any Power which seeks privileges incompatible with the Treaty rights of other Powers. Are we prepared to undertake this grave responsibility? That is the question. Owing to the impotence of China, Great Britain and Russia find themselves face to face in Manchuria, and it is necessary that they should settle their differences direct. For some months past it is understood that negotiations have been in progress between the two Powers with the object of conciliating their respective interests. Great Britain, it is said, is prepared to recognise the Russian sphere of political interest provided she is guaranteed protection for her commercial interests and a permanent Open Door in the provinces so ear-marked. Difficulties seem to have arisen over the question of railway rates, and the negotiations have been practically suspended. It is, no doubt, in consequence of this deadlock, and with a view to bringing pressure on this country to adopt the views of Count Muravieff with regard to railway rates, that a fresh campaign against British interests has been initiated by the Russian Minister at Peking. It is to be hoped, however, that Lord Salisbury will adhere firmly to the lines of the very fair bargain he has proposed, or, failing it, will fall back on the *status quo ante*. In any circumstances the negotiations must not be allowed to drag on indefinitely. British interests in China are too valuable to be left at the mercy of a diplomatic drift. If Russia will not come to an equitable arrangement with us we must take our stand on our Treaty rights, and we must be prepared to defend those rights to the utmost of our resources.

It was rather idle questioning to which Mr. Brodrick was subjected in connection with the recent disturbances in the Uganda Protectorate. They had precisely the same origin as the Indian Mutiny; like the sepoys, the Soudanese troops got to believe that they were masters of the situation. But that story belongs to the past; happily, the mutineers are in process of evaporation, while the rapid construction of the Mombasa Railway brings the erst isolated Protectorate nearer and nearer to its reinforcing base. The most interesting information supplied by the Under-Secretary was that defining the scope of our present undertakings between Uganda and Khartoum. Very wisely, the Government has decided to remain content with placing a string of detached posts along the river. There are to be no adventures either east or west; they may come afterwards, but the pressing matter is to create "effectual possession" of the great waterway. That is sound policy; the "young man in a hurry," who never measures distances on the map, must curb his impatient longings for the universal display of the meteor flag from the Abyssinian frontier to the Congo State's boundary. There is such a thing as going too fast as well as going too slow, as our enterprising neighbours discovered when they despatched the Marchand Mission to the Upper Nile Valley, without arranging for any base of supplies and reinforcements.

Already guessing has begun in financial circles as to the particular manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will "face the music" on Budget Day. There is no longer any question that he will have to provide between three and five millions additional for next year's requirements, and it may be taken for granted that the following year will want as much if not more. Imperial expansion has to be paid for, and although the money thus spent eventually comes back with added interest in increased commercial and industrial

prosperity, at first starting the taxpayer's withers are pretty certain to be wrung. Very naturally, therefore, but very inconveniently for Sir M. Hicks-Beach, payers of direct taxation strive to thrust the extra burden on payers of indirect taxation, and *vice versa*. So it always has been, and so it always will be, *in secula seculorum*. Thus, just now, sufferers from income tax inflation suggest that the amount of tobacco duty remitted last year should be re-imposed, and that beer could bear another shilling a barrel without hurting anyone. But the great brewing interest would be up in arms instantly were that attempted, while if a differential duty were imposed on foreign sugar the powerful sweet-stuff interest might raise the Free Trade war cry. Indeed, there is only one way in which the Chancellor can balance his account without giving offence and losing votes—partial suspension of the Sinking Fund. Truly, it is a great temptation, but a most evil precedent would be established if that desperate remedy were resorted to at a time of peace and prosperity throughout the Empire.

At the first look Major-General Kelly-Kenny's report on last year's recruiting appears to prove that the extra threepence a day pay has operated as a powerful inducement. But on analysing the figures more closely it comes out quite clearly that the ranks have been largely filled by the ancient process known as "robbing Peter to pay Paul." Nearly 4,500 old soldiers were shifted back from the Reserve to the First Line, while by "special enlistments" some thousands of under-sized or under-aged lads were made to appear as men. The Militia also was weakened to fatten the Line, and partly through this depletion its effective strength diminished by 4,745. It will be seen, therefore, that the recruiting difficulty is by no means at an end; indeed, when allowance is made for the stimulating effect of Lord Kitchener's victories, it seems doubtful whether we are really any better supplied with "food for powder" than was the case prior to the substitution of new baits for old on Sergeant Kite's hooks.

### The Late Lord Herschell

THE Late Right Hon. Farrer Herschell, P.C., G.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., first Baron Herschell, who died at Washington of apoplexy on Wednesday, was the son of the late Rev. Ridley H. Herschell, who married Helen, daughter of Mr. W. Mowbray. He was born in 1837, and was educated at the University of Bonn and at University College, London. He graduated B.A. (Classical honours) at London University in 1857. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1860, and rapidly rose in his profession. In 1872 he was made a Queen's Counsel and a Bencher of his Inn; and in the same year was appointed Examiner in Common Law to the University of London, a post which he held until 1886. He was Recorder of Carlisle from 1873 to 1880 when he became Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry and was knighted. He had been returned to Parliament in 1874 as a Liberal for Durham, and represented that constituency until 1885, when he unsuccessfully contested the North Lonsdale Division of North Lancashire. He was raised to the peerage in 1886, and was Lord High Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's short Ministry from February to July of that year. He took part in the famous Round Table Conference on Home Rule, the first meeting of which took place in his house. He again held office as



Lord High Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry from 1892 to 1895. When a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Lord Herschell was unanimously chosen President. The main result of the inquiry was, of course, the Act of 1888, which brought into existence the London County Council, which entirely superseded the old Board of Works. He was elected an Alderman on the County Council, but declined to sit. In 1886, when a Committee of Organisation was formed to promote the scheme for the Imperial Institute, Lord Herschell became the chairman, and when the Charter was obtained in 1888 he was made Chairman of the Governing Body. He was appointed a British Member of the Venezuela and British Guiana Boundary Arbitration Tribunal in 1897. On May 30 last year it was agreed to appoint a Joint Commission to adjust all matters in dispute between Canada and the United States. Lord Herschell was selected as one of the British Commissioners, and when the Commission met in August he was chosen Chairman. He married in 1876 Agnes Adela, daughter of Mr. Edward Leigh Kindersley, of Clyffe, Dorset. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Richard Farrer Herschell, who was born in 1878.—Our portrait is by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

May 4, 1899

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE House of Commons, in this respect only, like people Dullness, ever loves a joke. Even where none is intended, it is upon seeing one. On Monday night, when Mr. Channing was backing up Mr. Labouchere in his blood-curdling story of the wicked-out children at Northampton, he having described how at a certain Church school the managers insisted on the children's being brushed in a particular way, added, "but the school inspector knocked that on the head." Do you see the connection? If so, and head. Mr. Channing, blameless since birth of jocular intent, was bewildered by a burst of laughter. M. Jourdain was not a man surprised when he learned that he had been talking prose all his life than was the member for East Northamptonshire when he learned he had made a joke.

A better known illustration of this amiable manner is the following puns foisted on Mr. Balfour. Happening to allude to the phrase once familiar in platform speeches, about electors being "a stake in the country," he added, "but that is of no use." Someone quick at seeing a joke tittered. Then others came on, till within the space of thirty seconds the House was resounding with laughter. Mr. Balfour stood staring in amaze, which only added to the hilarity of the situation. The laughter was so prolonged that he had time to turn to the Lord Advocate sitting on the bench near him and ask what was the matter. Only then he learned what a humorist he is. I suppose if the phrase had been used in ordinary conversation the assembled company would have frowned upon its puerility. In the House of Commons we laugh till there is positive danger for honourable members of apoplectic tendency.

Another peculiarity of the House of Commons' susceptibility to flashes of humour is that familiarity, so far from being regarded as a disqualification, is rather a recommendation. Nine years ago, in some reflections on the late Lord Stratheden and Campbell, it was written in a column much read in Parliamentary circles "he habitually walks on tiptoe with thoughtful intent to prevent Campbell from disturbing the reverie of Stratheden." The sentence will be found preserved on page 359 of "A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament." The humour, such as it is, has been conveyed and adapted to an incident of the day. Wherever two or three members of the House of Commons are gathered together you will hear them chuckling over the saying "Campbell should have voted in one lobby and Bannerman in the other."

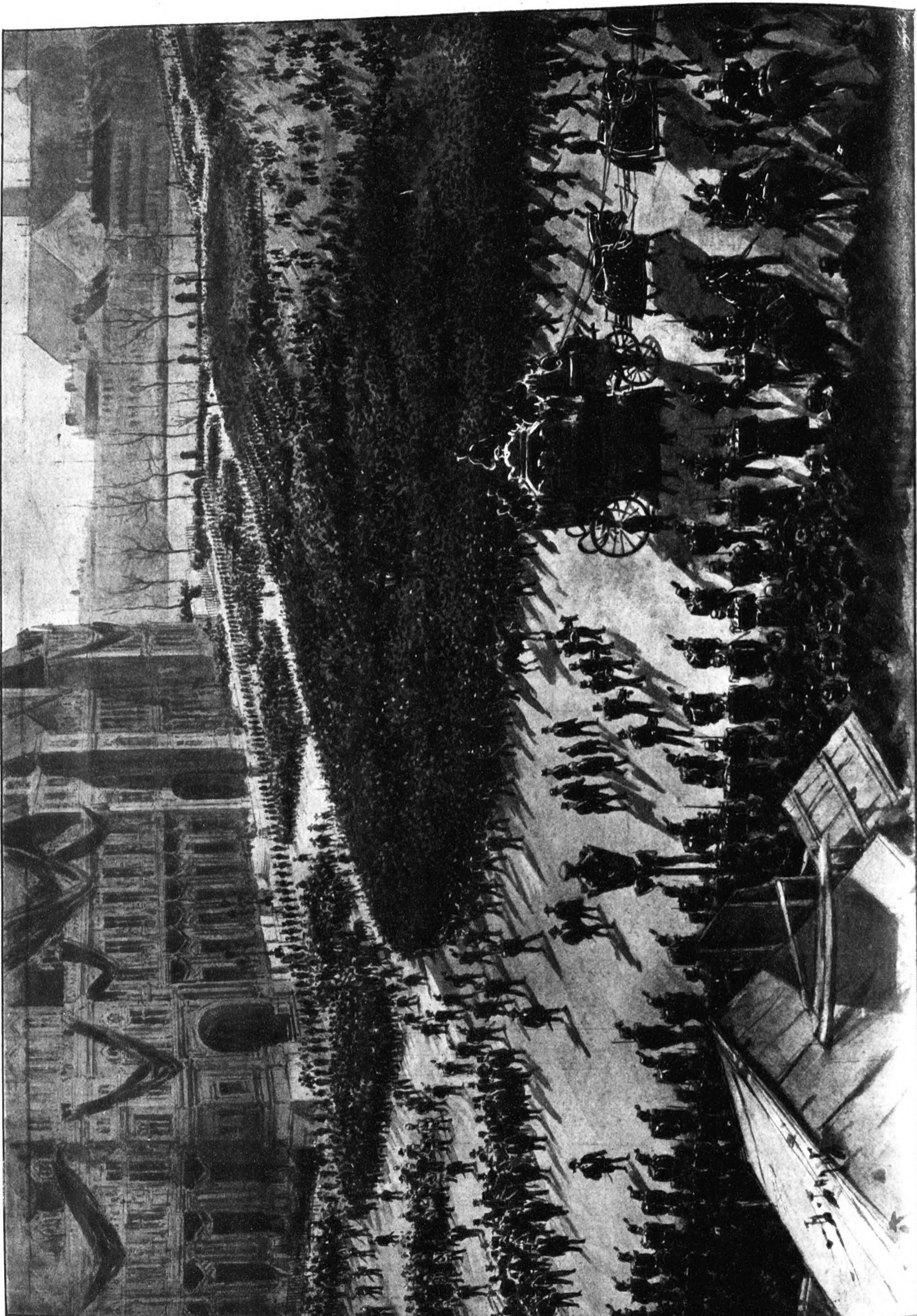
This alludes to the attitude assumed by the Leader of the Opposition in the Soudan policy of the Government. Mr. John Morley, breaking the silence of the Session, moved what was practically a vote of censure upon the Government for going to Khartoum. It was rather an embarrassing move for his friends and late colleagues. But Mr. Morley was quite within his right. He, at least, has been consistent in his denunciation of expansion in the Soudan. But what would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and other Front Bench men do? They had, in common with Mr. Morley, denounced the Soudan expedition when it was projected. But a good deal, including the battle of Omdurman, has happened since then. What they would prefer would be to let the topic slide out of discussion. Since it was raised from so prominent a quarter something must be said—or at least, something must be done in the Division Lobby.

Sir Edward Grey, promptly following Mr. Morley, opposed the motion, and uncompromisingly defended Ministerial policy in the Soudan. From this it was inferred that ex-Ministers had resolved wholly to abjure their former critical attitude. Sir Edward Grey, as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs with the late Government, is nominally their spokesman on foreign questions. It seemed to onlookers that, apart from his official position, Sir Edward represented opinion on the Opposition Benches. Members seated were had been ominously silent throughout Mr. Morley's speech. It is true they did not generally applaud Sir Edward. But that was a natural abstention since his remarks were punctuated by cheering on the other side.

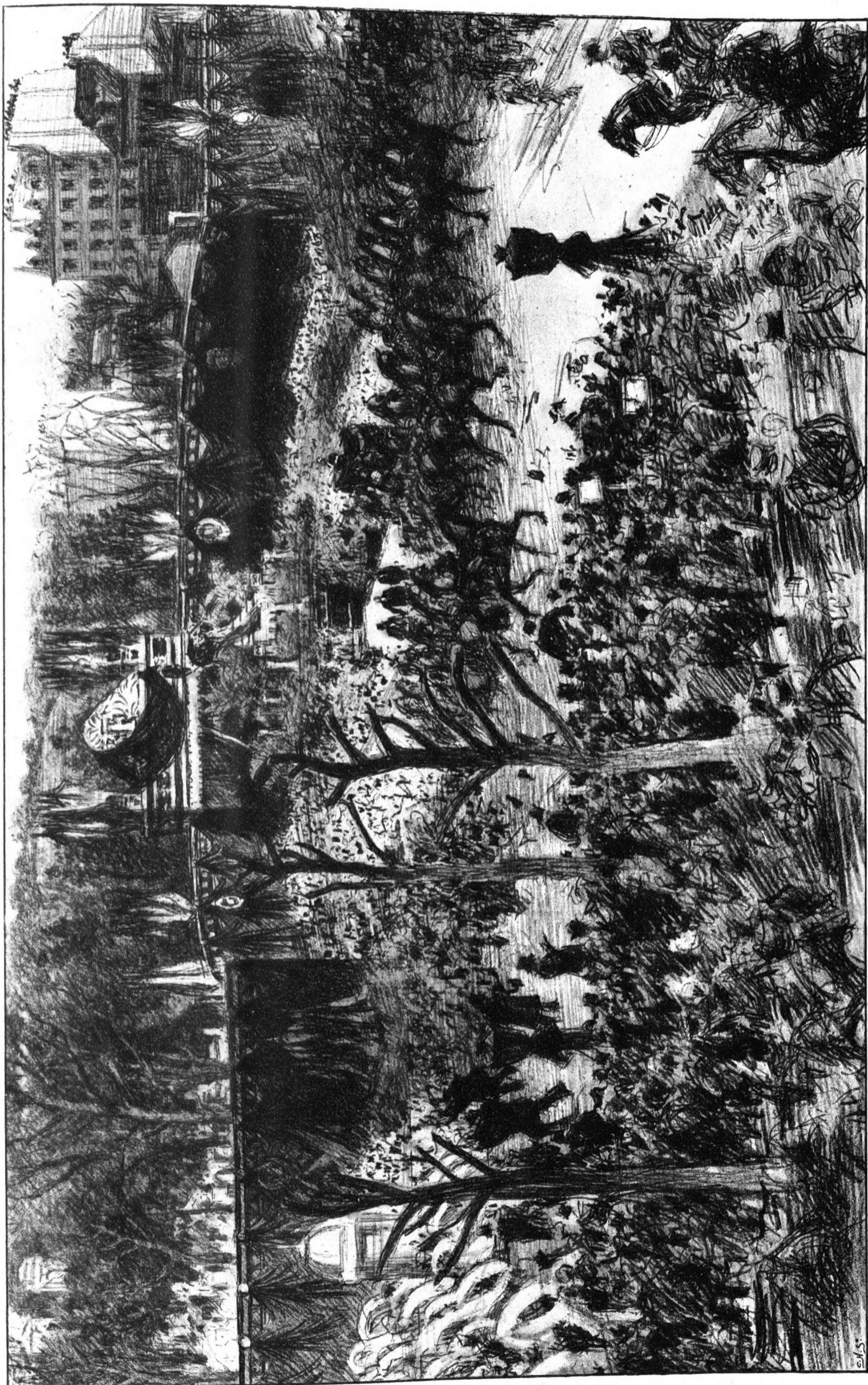
When at the approach of the dinner hour the Leader of the Opposition unexpectedly rose he became the centre of curiosities and attention. That or the mission he had to fulfil evidently emboldened him. He had carefully prepared his speech, writing down his sentences on sheets of note paper. These he read in a perfunctory manner. Rarely has there been such public spectacle of what is in high places. The two points between which Sir Henry Grey's speech were (1) admitted dislike and suspicion of the inception of the Soudan policy, and (2) conviction that, "being in Egypt, we must stay there." This last phrase, being more frequently and emphatically repeated, led the House to the conclusion that Sir Henry had made up his mind to vote against Mr. Morley's resolution. He technically took the form of an amendment to the reduction of the Foreign Office Vote. From this position it was suddenly held that the declaration that, regarding the amendment as part of a continuous protest, the Leader of the Opposition would unhesitatingly vote in its favour. The Opposition burst into a shout of laughter and still smiles when it hears the merry jest about Campbell-Bannerman in one lobby and Bannerman in the other.

Private members have succeeded this week in appropriating by occupying their full share of the time of the House. On Tuesday there was imminent risk of a count out, a conclusion of the session confidently reckoned upon in advance. This apprehension was useful influence in limiting the duration of speeches. Thus it was to pass that before eight o'clock two topics of real public interest—the extension of piers and harbours in the United Kingdom and the Jurisdiction of County Courts—had been fairly thrashed out. It was when Mr. R. G. Webster came on with the third topic, the decrease of the supply of British seamen, that the blow fell. To everyone's surprise, when the Speaker counted forty were present, Mr. Gully declined to count again after an interval of an hour, and upon this rebuff no further effort was made to bring the sitting to abrupt conclusion. On Wednesday, amid signs of lively interest, Mr. Robson, in an able speech, moved the second reading of his Bill, which proposed that the age of half-time workers should be raised to the round dozen of years.





THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE: THE PROCESSION PASSING THE HOTEL DE VILLE.  
A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY H. LASSES



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE: THE PROCESSION ARRIVING AT THE GATES OF PERE LACHAISE

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD

## M. Faure's Funeral and the Déroulède Fiasco

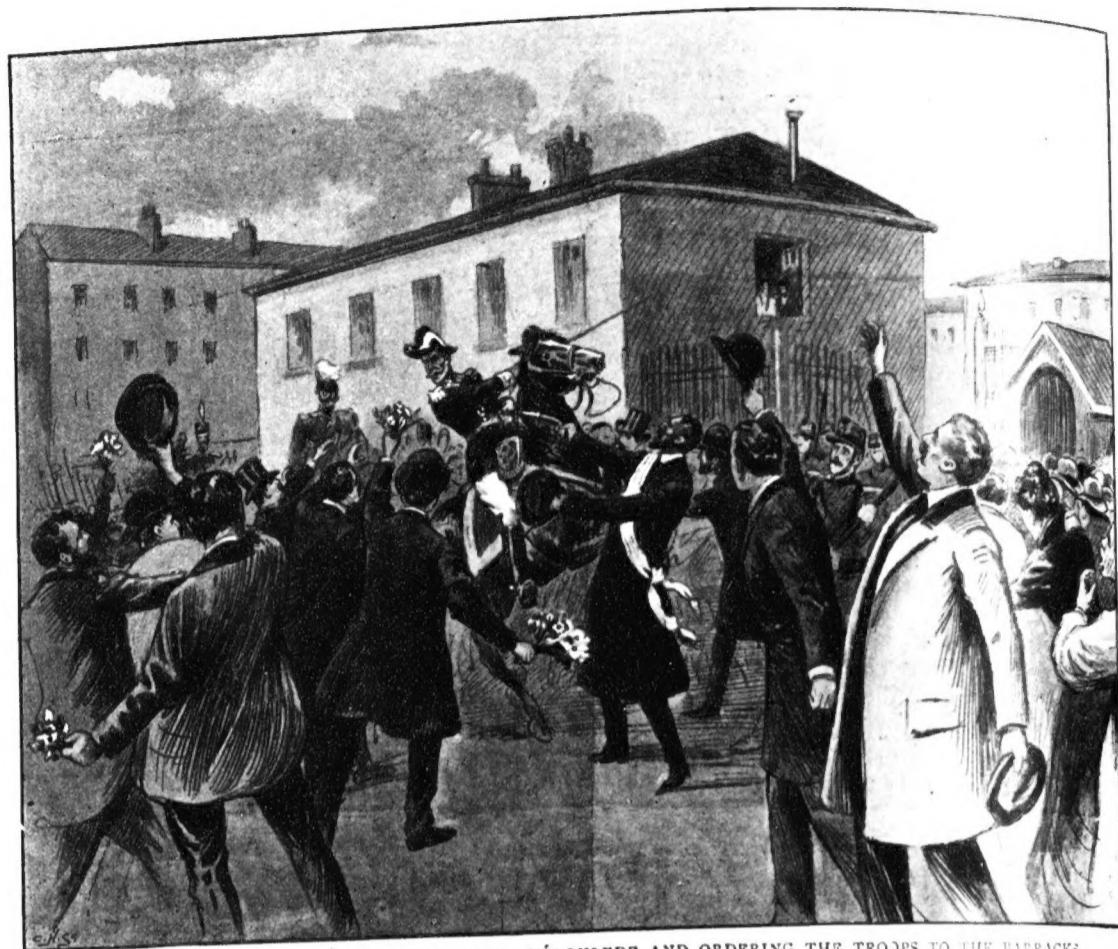
THE funeral of President Faure, which took place in Paris last week, was one of the most impressive spectacles of the kind witnessed in that capital for many years. The procession, which left the Elysée at eleven o'clock, was of immense length. It was headed by

troops, and among those who followed the funeral car, besides members of the family and household of the late President, were M. Loubet, the new President, the Ambassadors and other members of the Diplomatic Corps, special representatives of foreign Courts, members of the French Cabinet, Senators, Deputies, and civil, military, and naval officials. The foreign representatives formed a striking feature in the procession. The British and German Envoys were very

noticeable, not only for the brilliance of their uniforms, but for their fine physique. With Prince Radziwill, who represented the Kaiser, were two officers of remarkable stature. Chief among the British representatives were the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Queen's household; Her Majesty's personal representative, General S'r Stanley Clarke; and Sir Edmund Monson, our Ambassador. The procession first wended its way to Notre Dame, where a solemn and impressive service was held, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, officiating. The streets on the route were lined with troops and crowded with spectators. The greatest precautions were taken to ensure order, and with the exception of one incident the behaviour of the enormous concourse of people was admirable. After the service the procession re-formed and went on to Père Lachaise, where the coffin was deposited in the family vault of the late President. Orations were delivered eulogising M. Faure by M. Franch Chauveau, Vice-President of the Senate; M. Deschanel, President of the Chamber; M. Dupuy, Premier; M. Léon, Minister of Marine; M. Guillaum, Colonial Secretary, and others. The ceremony was concluded by a march past of the troops. The only exception to the perfectly orderly behaviour of the spectators was caused by M. Déroulède, who indulged in demonstrations that led to his arrest. Vain attempts were made by him and his friends to harangue the people, but the police



M. DÉROULEDE



GENERAL ROGET REARING HIS HORSE AT M. DÉROULEDE AND ORDERING THE TROOPS TO THE BARRACKS  
THE DÉROULEDE FIASCO IN PARIS: THE SCENE OUTSIDE REUILLY BARRACKS

were too strong for them, and before anything had happened the funeral was over. When the troops who had taken part in the procession were marching to quarters, M. Déroulède stepped up to General Roget, who was in command of a brigade, and shouted "General, I hope you will march on the Elysée. France is with you. You must yet save this unfortunate country. The League is with you. Vive la République!" General Roget made no reply, but rode on. M. Déroulède and his followers thought for a moment that they had gained their wish, but when the brigade swept into the Reuilly Barracks, M. Déroulède seized the bridle of General Roget's charger. "It's not here you want to lead us, General," he said. "We are Republicans and patriots. Save France and march with us." The Leaguers, all this while round the General and M. Marcel Habert, rushed into the

courtyard, shouting "Save France, General! March with us on the Elysée." General Roget rose in his stirrups and shouted "Get out of the barracks or I will have you arrested." M. Déroulède then tried to address the soldiers, and immediately he and M. Habert were arrested. Thus ended a childish display of political feeling, which has been termed an attempted revolution. The hero of it is some sixty years old, and he entered the Chamber in 1859 as a Boulangist. In 1882 he founded the League of Patriots, the object of which was to force a war with Germany. M. Déroulède is a ferocious anti-Dreyfusite, and poses as a revered patriot. Last year he took to himself the designation of Nationalist, and has brought himself into notoriety by noisy demonstrations in the Chambers and wild appeals to the mob outside.—Our portrait of M. Déroulède is by Benque, of Paris.



M. Le Gall, Chief

M. Berge, the late

M. Blondell, Under

of the late President's Cabinet  
President's Son-in-Law  
Chief of the late President's Cabinet

Officers bearing  
Decorations

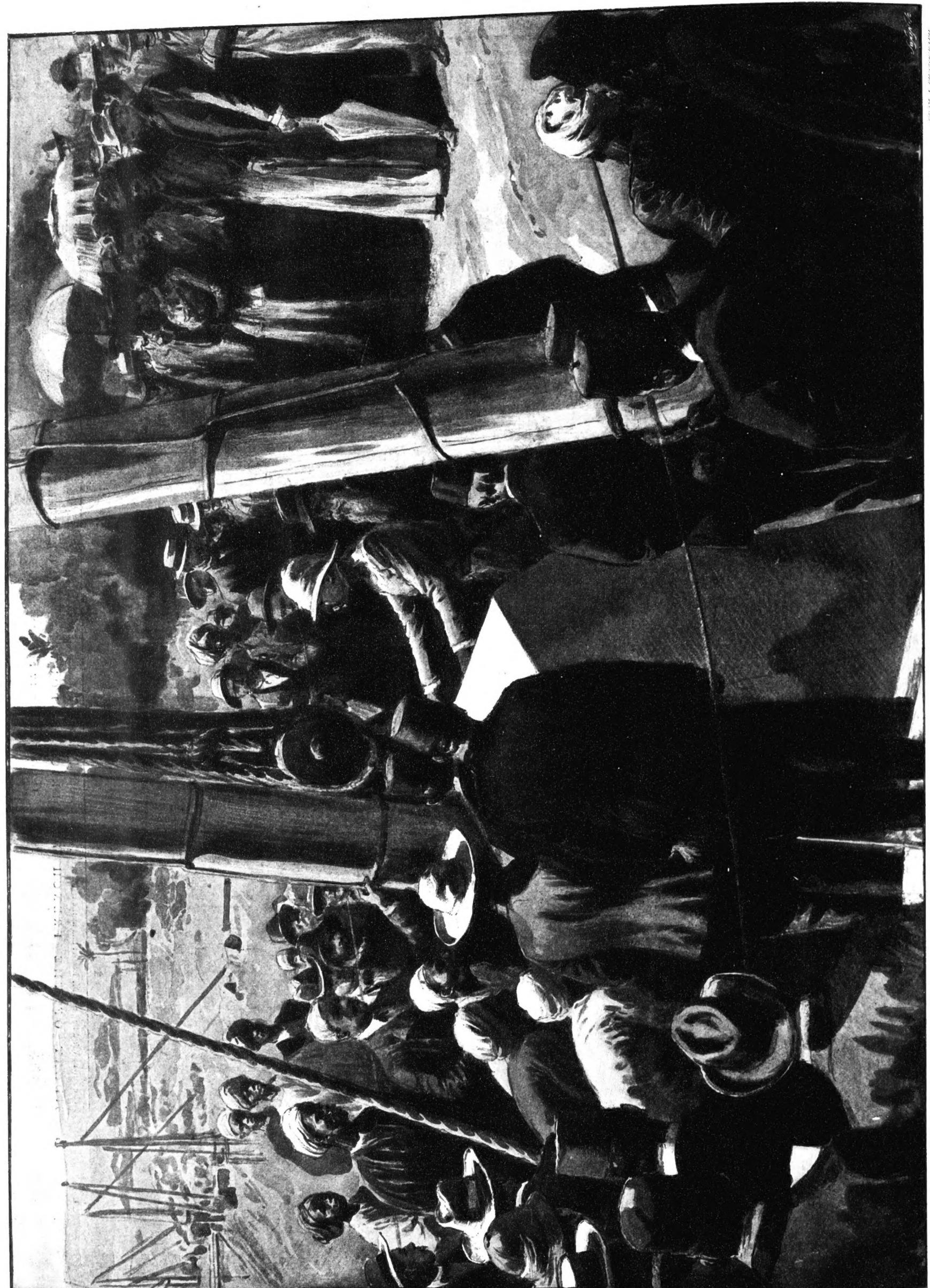
THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE: THE PRIVATE HOUSEHOLD IN THE PROCESSION



After the election at Versailles, and M. Loubet had as the result been proclaimed President, senators and deputies flocked to congratulate him. Among them was M. Rouvier, whose name was prominent in the Panama crisis.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: M. ROUVIER CONGRATULATING M. LOUBET ON HIS ELECTION

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOARD



THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LAVING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE GREAT DAM AT ASSOUAN

FRANCIS L. BROWN

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"Broken masses of metal projected dismally from the complex wreckage, vast masses of twisted cable dropped like tangled seaweed. All about this great white pile was a ring of desolation; the smashed and blackened masses, the gaunt foundations and ruinous lumber of the fabric that had been destroyed by the Council's orders, skeletons of girders, Titanic masses of wall, forests of stout pillars, and everywhere great multitudes of people."

## WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "*The Wonderful Visit*," "*The War of the Worlds*," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE END OF THE OLD ORDER

So far as Graham was able to judge, it was near midday when the white banner of the Council fell. But some hours elapsed before it was possible to effect the formal capitulation, and after he had spoken his "Word" before the enthusiastic disorder of that same vast theatre across which he had fled for his life not eight hours since, he rested and took refreshment in the apartments of the Wind-Vane offices that had been assigned him until the surrender was prepared. The continuous excitement of the last twelve hours had left him inordinately fatigued, even his curiosity was exhausted; for a space he sat inert and passive with open eyes, and for a space he slept. He was roused by two medical attendants, come prepared with stimulants to sustain him through the next occasion. After he had taken their drugs and bathed by their advice in cold water, he felt a rapid return of interest and energy, and was presently able

and willing to accompany Ostrog through several miles (as it seemed) of passages, lifts, and slides to the closing scene of the White Council's rule.

The way ran deviously through a maze of buildings. They came at last to a passage that curved about, and suddenly broadening before him he saw an oblong opening, clouds hot with sunset, and the ragged skyline of the ruinous Council House. A tumult of shouts came drifting to him. In another moment they had come out high up on the brow of the cliff of torn buildings that overhung the wreckage. The vast area opened to Graham's eyes, none the less strange and wonderful for the remote view he had had of it in the oval mirror.

This rudely amphitheatral space seemed now the better part of a mile to its outer edge. It was gold-lit on the left hand, catching the sunlight, and below and to the right clear and cold in the shadow. Above the shadowy grey Council House that stood in the midst of it, the great banner of the surrender still hung in sluggish folds against the blazing sunset. Severed rooms, halls

and passages gaped strangely, broken masses of metal projected dismally from the complex wreckage, vast masses of twisted cable dropped like tangled seaweed, and from its base came a tumult of innumerable voices, violent concussions, and the sound of trumpets. All about this great white pile was a ring of desolation; the smashed and blackened masses, the gaunt foundations and ruinous lumber of the fabric that had been destroyed by the Council's orders, skeletons of girders, Titanic masses of wall, forests of stout pillars; the thunderous concussion of their downfall he had heard that morning in the darkened ways. Amongst the sombre wreckage beneath, running water flashed and glistened, and far away across the space, out of the midst of a vague vast mass of buildings, the twisted end of a water-main, two hundred feet in the air, thunderously spouted a shining cascade. And everywhere great multitudes of people.

Wherever there was space and foothold, people swarmed, little people, small and minutely clear, except where the sunset touched them to indistinguishable gold. They clambered up the tottering

walls, they clung in wreaths and groups about the high-standing pillars. They swarmed along the edges of the circle of ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central space.

The upper stories of the Council House seemed deserted, not a human being was visible. Only the drooping banner of the surrender hung heavily against the light. The dead were within the Council House, or hidden by the swarming people, or carried away. Graham could see only a few neglected bodies in gaps and corners of the ruins, and amidst the flowing water.

"Will you let them see you, Sire?" said Ostrog. "They are very anxious to see you."

Graham hesitated, and then walked forward to where the broken verge of wall dropped sheer. He stood looking down, a lonely, tall, black figure against the sky.

Very slowly the swarming ruins became aware of him. And as they did so little bands of black-uniformed men appeared remotely, thrusting through the crowd towards the Council House. He saw little black heads become pink, looking at him, saw by that means a wave of recognition sweep suddenly across the space. It occurred to them that he should accord them some recognition. He held up his arm, then pointed to the Council House and dropped his hand. The voices below became unanimous, gathered volume, came up to him as multitudinous pin-point cheers.

The sun had long since vanished, the western sky was a pallid bluish green, and Jupiter shone high in the south, before the capitulation was accomplished. Above was a slow insensible change, the advance of night serene and beautiful; below was hurry, excitement, conflicting orders, pauses, spasmodic developments of organisation, a vast ascending clamour and confusion. Before the Council came out, toiling, perspiring men, directed by a conflict of shouts, carried forth hundreds of those who had perished in the hand-to-hand conflict within those long passages and chambers. The Twelve Trustees came out at last, preceded by the disarmed guards in red, and by the black and yellow lackeys; they came along a wooden footway that had been hurriedly made to bridge a streaming torrent of water, along an avenue of improvised lights, to the place Ostrog had chosen to receive them. A perpetual hammering drowned the sound of their approach.

Guards in black lined the way, and as far as the eye could reach into the hazy blue twilight of the ruins, and swarming now at every possible point in the captured Council House and along the shattered cliff of its circumadjacent buildings, were innumerable people, and their voices even when they were not cheering were as the soughing of the sea upon a pebble beach. Ostrog had chosen a huge commanding pile of overthrown masonry, and on this a stage of timbers and metal girders was being hastily constructed. Its essential parts were complete, and Graham stood in his place, but humming and clangorous machinery still glared fitfully in the shadows beneath this edifice.

The stage had a small higher portion on which Graham stood with Ostrog and Lincoln close beside him, a little in advance of a group of minor officers. A broader lower stage surrounded this quarter-deck, and on this were the black-uniformed guards of the revolt armed with little green weapons, whose very names Graham still did not know. Those standing about him perceived that his eye wandered perpetually from the swarming people in the dusky ruins about him to the mass of the White Council House, whence the Trustees would presently come, and to the gaunt cliffs of ruin that encircled him, and so back to the people.

The voices of the crowd swelled to a tumult.

He saw the Councillors first afar off in the glare of one of the lights, a little group of white figures blinking in a black archway. In the Council House they had been in darkness. He watched them slowly approaching, drawing nearer, past first this blazing electric star and then that; the minatory roar of the crowd over whom their power had lasted for a hundred and fifty years marched along beside them. As they drew still nearer their faces came out weary and white and anxious. He saw them blinking up at the glare to see him and Ostrog. He contrasted his memory of their strange cold looks in the Hall of the Atlas. Presently he could recognise several of them; the man who had rapped the table at Howard, a burly man with a red beard, and one delicate-featured, short, dark man with a peculiarly long skull. He noted that two were whispering together and looking behind him at Ostrog. Next there came a tall, dark, and handsome man, walking downcast. Abruptly he glanced up, his eyes touched Graham for a moment, and passed beyond him to Ostrog.

"The Master, the Master! God and the Master!" shouted the people. "To hell with the Council!" Graham looked at their multitudes, receding beyond counting into a shouting haze, and then at Ostrog beside him, white and steadfast and still. His eye went to the little patch of White Councillors. The way that had been made for them was so contrived that they had to march past and curve about before they came to the sloping path of planks that ascended to the stage where their surrender was to be made. And then he looked up at the familiar quiet stars overhead. The marvellous element in his fate was suddenly vivid. Could that be his, indeed, that little life in his memory two hundred years gone by—and this as well?

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### FROM THE CROW'S NEST

AND so, after strange delays and through an avenue of battle and doubt and struggle, this man from the nineteenth century came at last to his position at the head of that new world.

At first, when he rose from the long deep sleep that followed his rescue and the surrender of the Council, he did not recognise his surroundings. By an effort he gained a clue in his mind, and all that had happened came back to him, at first with a quality of insincerity like a story heard, like something read out of a book. And even before his memories were clear, the exultation of his escape, the wonder of his prominence were back in his mind. He was owner of half the world, Master of the Earth. This new great age was in the completest sense his. He no longer hoped to discover his experiences a dream; he became anxious now to convince himself that they were real.

An obsequious valet assisted him to dress under the direction of a dignified chief attendant, a little man whose face proclaimed him

Japanese, albeit he spoke English like an Englishman. From the latter he learnt something of the state of affairs. Already the revolution was an accepted fact; already business was being resumed throughout the City. Abroad the downfall of the Council had been received for the most part with delight. Nowhere was the Council popular, and the thousand cities of Western America, after two hundred years, still bitterly jealous of New York, London, and the East, had risen almost unanimously two days before at the news of Graham's imprisonment. Paris was fighting within itself. The rest of the world hung in suspense.

While he was breaking his fast, the sound of a telephone bell jettied from a corner, and his chief attendant called his attention to the voice of Ostrog making polite inquiries. Graham interrupted his refreshment to reply. Very shortly Lincoln arrived, and Graham at once expressed a strong desire to talk to people and to be shown more of the new life that was opening before him. Lincoln informed him that in three hours' time a representative gathering of officials and their wives would be held in the state apartments of the wind-vane Chief. Graham's desire to traverse the ways of the city was, however, at present impossible, because of the enormous excitement of the people. It was, however, quite possible for him to take a bird's-eye view of the city from the crow's nest of the wind-vane keeper. To this accordingly Graham was conducted by his attendant. Lincoln, with a graceful compliment to the attendant, apologised for not accompanying them on account of the present pressure of administrative work.

Higher even than the most gigantic wind wheels hung this crow's nest, a clear thousand feet above the roofs, a little disc-shaped speck on a spear of metallic filigree, cable stayed. To its summit Graham was drawn in a little cradle, wire-hung. Halfway down the frail-seeming stem was a light gallery about which hung a cluster of tubes—minute they looked from above—rotating slowly on the ring of its outer rail. These were the specula, *en rapport* with the wind-vane keeper's mirrors, in one of which Ostrog had shown him the coming of his rule. His Japanese attendant ascended before him, and they spent nearly an hour asking and answering questions.

It was a day full of the promise and quality of spring. The touch of the wind warmed. The sky was an intense blue and the vast expanse of London shone dazzling under the morning sun. The air was clear of smoke and haze, sweet as the air of a mountain glen.

Save for the irregular oval of ruins about the House of the Council and the black flag of the surrender that fluttered there, the mighty city seen from above showed few signs of the swift revolution that had, to his imagination, in one night and one day, changed the destinies of the world. A multitude of people still swarmed over these ruins, and the huge openwork stagings in the distance at which the still interrupted service of aeroplanes to the various great cities of Europe and America started, were also black with the victors. Across a narrow way of planking raised on trestles that crossed the ruins a crowd of workmen were busy restoring the connection between the cables and wires of the Council House and the rest of the city, preparatory to the transfer thither of Ostrog's headquarters from the wind-vane buildings.

For the rest, the luminous expanse was undisturbed. So vast was its serenity in comparison with the areas of disturbance, that presently Graham, looking beyond them, could almost forget the thousands of men lying out of sight in the artificial glare within the quasi-subterranean labyrinth, dead or dying of the overnight wounds, forget the improvised wards with the hosts of surgeons, nurses, and bearers feverishly busy, forget, indeed, all the wonder, consternation and novelty under the electric lights. Down there in the hidden ways of the ant-hill he knew that the revolution triumphed, that black everywhere carried the day, black favours, black banners, black festoons across the streets. And out here, under the fresh sunlight, beyond the crater of the fight, as if nothing was happening to the earth, the forest of wind-vanes that had grown from one or two while the Council had ruled, roared peacefully upon their incessant duty.

Far away, spiked, jagged, and indented by the wind-vanes, the Surrey hills rose blue and faint, to the north and nearer, the sharp contours of Highgate and Muswell Hill were similarly jagged. And all over the countryside, he knew, on every crest and hill, where once the hedges had interlaced, and cottages, churches, inns, and farmhouses had nestled among their trees, wind wheels similar to those he saw, and bearing like them vast advertisements, gaunt and distinctive symbols of the new age, cast their whirling shadows and stored incessantly the energy that flowed away incessantly through all the arteries of the city. And underneath these wandered the countless flocks and herds of the British Food Trust with their lonely guards and keepers.

Not a familiar outline anywhere broke the cluster of gigantic shapes below. St. Paul's he knew survived, and many of the old buildings in Westminster, embedded out of sight, arched over and covered in among the giant growths of this great age. The Thames, too, made no fall and gleam of silver to break the wilderness of the city; it ran a dark stream of clarified sewage beneath the foundations of houses, and a race of grimy bargemen brought the heavy materials of trade from the Pool thereby to the very feet of the workers. Faint and dim in the eastward between earth and sky hung the clustering masts of the colossal shipping in the Pool. For all the heavy traffic, for which there was no need of haste, came in gigantic sailing ships from the ends of the earth, and the heavy goods for which there was urgency in mechanical ships of a smaller, swifter sort.

And to the south over the hills, in three separate directions, ran pallid lines—the roads, 'stippled' with moving grey specks. He tried to imagine these roads. On the first occasion that offered he was determined to go out and see them. That would come after the flying ship he was presently to try. His attendant officer described them as a pair of gently curving surfaces a hundred yards wide, each one for the traffic going in one direction, and made of a substance called Eadhamite—an artificial substance, so far as he could gather, resembling toughened glass. Along this shot a strange traffic of rubber-shod vehicles, great single wheels, two and four wheeled vehicles, sweeping along at velocities of from one to six miles a minute. Railroads had vanished; a few embankments remained as rust-crowned trenches here and there. Some few formed the cores of Eadhamite ways.

Among the first things to strike his attention had been the great

flights of advertisement balloons and kites that rec'd vistas northward and southward along the lines of the journeys. No aeroplanes were to be seen. Theirs had ceased, and only one little seeming aeroplane circled high above the Surrey Hills, an unimpressive sort.

A thing Graham had already learnt, and which is hard to imagine, was that nearly all the towns in the almost all the villages, had disappeared. Here and there, understood, some gigantic hotel-like edifice stood amidst some single cultivation and preserved the name of a town, mouth, Wareham, or Swanage. Yet the officer had convinced him how inevitable such a change had been. It had dotted the country with farm houses, and every miles was the ruling landlord's estate, and the place of cobbler, the grocer's shop and church—the village, miles or so was the country town, where lawyer, wool-stapler, saddler, veterinary surgeon, doctor, druggist, and so forth lived. Every eight miles—simply because mile marketing journey, four back and home, was comfortable for the farmer. But directly the railway play, and after them the light railways, and all the motor-cars that had replaced waggons and horses, and high roads began to be made of wood, and rubber, and all sorts of elastic durable substances—the nearest such frequent market towns disappeared. And the They drew the worker with the gravitational force of endless work, the employer with their suggestions, ocean of labour.

And as the standard of comfort rose, as the complexity of the mechanism of living increased, life in the country became more and more costly, or narrow and impossible. The vicar and squire, the extinction of the general practitioner, city specialist, had robbed the village of its last touch of the telephone, kinematograph and phonograph had replaced newspaper, book, schoolmaster, and letter, to live outside the electric cables was to live an isolated savage. There were neither means of being clothed nor fed (according to the conceptions of the time), no efficient doctors for an ailing, company and no pursuits.

Moreover, mechanical appliances in agriculture made the equivalent of thirty labourers. So, inverting the position of the city clerk in the days when London was still a notable because of the coaly foulness of its air, the labourer came hurrying by road or air to the city and its lights at night to leave it again in the morning. The city had swelled up humanity; man had entered upon a new stage in his development. First had come the nomad, the hunter, then had followed the agriculturalist of the agricultural state, where towns and cities and ports were but the headquarters and markets of the countryside. And now, logical consequence of an epoch of invention was this huge aggregation of men. Save London, there were only four other cities in Britain—Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Manchester, and Shrewsbury. Such things as these, simple statements of fact though they were to contemporary men, strained Graham's imagination to picture. And when he glanced "over beyond there" at the strange things that existed on the Continent, it failed him altogether.

He had a vision of city beyond city, cities on great plains, cities beside great rivers, vast cities along the sea margin, cities girdled by snowy mountains. Over a great part of the earth the English tongue was spoken; taken together with its Spanish-American and Hindoo and Negro and Pigeon dialects, it was the everyday language of two-thirds of the people of the earth. On the Continent, save as remote and curious survivals, three other languages alone held sway—German which reached to Salomica and Grecia and jostled Spanish-English at Cadiz, a Gallicised Russian which had spread to Syria and met the Indian English at Ormuz, and French, still clear and brilliant, the language of lucidity, which crept the Mediterranean, and reached through a negro dialect to the Congo.

And everywhere now, through the city-set earth, save in the administered "black belt" territories of the tropes, the same cosmopolitan social organisation prevailed, and everywhere were from Pole to Equator his property and his responsibilities extended. The whole world was civilised; the whole world dwelt in the same black belt; the whole world was property. Over the British Empire, in America his ownership was scarcely disguised, Congressmen were usually regarded as antique, curious garments, even in the two Empires of Russia and Germany, where his wealth was conceivably of enormous weight. These came problems—possibilities, but, uplifted as he was, and Germany seemed sufficiently remote. And of the black belt administration, and of what that might after the fashion of his former days, he thought not at all.

Out of the dim south-west, glittering and strange, in some way terrible, shone those Pleasure Cities, the kinematograph-phonograph and the old man in the sun. Strange places reminiscent of the legendary cities of art and beauty, mercenary art and mercenary wonder, wonderful cities of motion and music, whither the profited by the fierce, inglorious, economical struggle in the glaring labyrinth below.

Fierce he knew it was. How fierce he could fact that these latter-day people referred back to the nineteenth century as the figure of an idyll. He turned his eyes to the scene immediately before him, trying to conceive the big factories of that intricate na-

Northward he knew were the potters, makers not of ware and china, but of the kindred pastes and compositions mineralogical chemistry had devised; there were statuettes and wall ornaments and much intricate tapestry; too were the factories where feverishly competitive at their phonograph discourses and advertisements and groupings and developments for their perpetually starting kinematographic dramatic works. Thence too flashed wide messages, the world-wide falsehoods of the news-chargers of the telephonic machines that had replaced the newspapers of the past.

To the westward beyond the smashed Council House, the voluminous offices of municipal control and government, the eastward, towards the port, the trading quarters, public markets, the theatres, houses of resort, betting parlours, billiard saloons, baseball and football circuses, will

and innumerable temples of the Christian and quasi-Christian sects—Mahomedans, Buddhists, Gnostics, Spook Worshippers, Furniture Worshippers, and so forth, and to the south again a vast manufacture of textiles, wines and condiments. And from point to point tore mass multitudes along the roaring mechanical ways, of which the winds were tireless servants, and the wind vanes an appropriate crown and symbol.

Right of the unprecedented population that had been sucked up by the sponge of halls and galleries—the thirty-three million were playing out each its own brief ineffectual drama, and the complacency that the brightness of the day and the splendour of the view, and above all the sense of his own importance he had begotten, dwindled and perished. Looking down from the height over the city it became at last possible to conceive the overwhelming multitude of thirty-three millions, the reality of which he would take upon himself, the vastness of the tempest over which his slender kingship hung.

He had to figure the individual life. It astonished him to see how little the common man had changed in spite of the visible changes in his conditions. Life and property, indeed, were secure once over almost all the world, zymotic diseases, bacterial and all sorts had practically vanished, everyone had a sufficient supply of food and clothing, was warmed in the city ways and sheltered from the weather—so much the almost mechanical progress of science and the physical organisation of society had accomplished. But the crowd, he was already beginning to discover, was a crowd still helpless in the hands of demagogue and organiser, individually cowardly, individually swayed by appetite, collectively incendiary. The memory of countless figures in pale blue canvas came before his mind. Millions of such men and women below him, he knew, had never been out of the city, had never seen beyond the little round of unintelligent grudging participation in the world's business, and unintelligent dissatisfied sharing of its lawless pleasures. He thought of the hopes of his vanished contemporaries, and for a moment the dream of London in Morris's quaint old *News from Nowhere*, and the perfect land of Hudson's beautiful *Crystal Age* appeared before him in an atmosphere of infinite loss. He thought of his own hopes.

For in the latter days of that passionate life that lay now so far behind him, the conception of a free and equal manhood had become a very real thing to him. He had hoped, as indeed his age had hoped, rashly taking it for granted, that the sacrifice of the many to the few would some day cease, that a day was near when every child born of woman should have a fair and assured chance of happiness. And here, after two hundred years, the same hope, still unfulfilled, cried passionately through the city. After two hundred years, he knew, greater than ever, grown with the city to gigantic proportions, were poverty and hopeless labour and all the sorrows of his time.

(To be continued)

## Jamming the Nile

The last time that I saw Sir Benjamin Baker, the Chief Consulting Engineer of the great dam on the Nile (writes a correspondent), was just before he left for Egypt. He was going with Mr. John Aird, the head of the great firm of contractors which is building the dam. His rooms were piled with plans and diagrams of the work, drawings of the great culverts through which the Nile at flood time will rush at the rate of 15,000 tons of water a second, rough sketches of the approaches, with the great archway at the top of the dam through which a trio of omnibuses will be able to drive abreast, and designs for the Egyptian decoration of the abutments. The First Cataract by no means fulfils the general which one's mind has of a cataract. The Nile at this point is wide, and at many points thirty feet deep; but it does not and rush over rapids as one might imagine. On the contrary, how Nile it threads its way, at no great velocity, through an archipelago of rocky islands, mostly small and a few of them large. The graph of the First Cataract was as disillusioning a spectacle as could well fancy. The only point of interest in it was a group of Egyptian lads on one of the rocky islets about to take a swim in the river.

On this foothold of rocky islet that the great dam, a mile in length and ninety feet high, is to stand. The foundations are the which an examination, extending over four years, of every foot the river can find. They are of quartz, syenite, and diorite, and Sir Benjamin's opinion the work will be able to proceed both winter and summer, both at Low and at High Nile. How long it will take to build—this great work, of which the Duke of Grafton laid the first stone on February 12, on the first day of the great feast of Bairam? Sir Benjamin Baker's answer was a few months before that stone was laid, and when hardly the appliances for beginning upon it had reached Assouan. It will be remembered that the final assent of the Egyptian Government to the scheme was given nearly a year ago; almost, one might say, before Kitchener's advance to Khartoum had been definitely decided upon; and, therefore, a great many of Messrs. Grafton's materials for the Arts of Peace had to be carried up to Assouan over a railway already clogged with the Sirdar's material for the War. But, speaking when the dam was fairly under way, Sir Benjamin Baker opined that it would take two years.

"There are already some five thousand natives employed on the carrying and cutting," he said; "they are the mere hewers of stone; and there are besides between five and six hundred European workmen and officials. A great many of them are Italians. But you must remember that the construction of the dam at the Cataract is only part of the work. Two barrages, or subsidiary dams, will have to be built lower down the river, one at Assouan and another at Cairo, about 250 miles apart. The great dam at the Cataract is the parent dam, which, conserving the waters of the floods, will supply these two during the dry season."

"Will you have to take up the materials, the stone, of which the dam is built, to the scene of operations?"

"The stone we find in the neighbourhood. It comes from the quarries of which it is believed that Philae was built."

"And Philae itself with its Temples—is that to be sacrificed to build the great dam?"

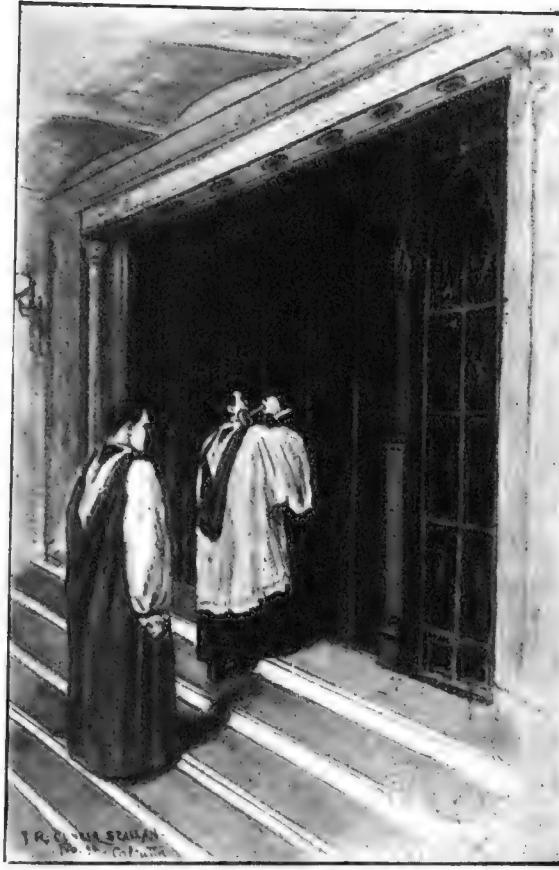
Sir Benjamin thought not. In the original plans the level of the top of the dam was such that part of the Temples on the island of Philae would have been submerged; but the revised plan sunk the level of the dam, and therefore of the water which it holds up some eighteen feet; and this eighteen feet would be sufficient to preserve the Temples. Nay, more, for the engineer believed that the aspect of Philae would be improved, for instead of lying low in a basin of the river between high banks, it will in future be an island floating almost solitary on the surface of a great lake.

"How big is the lake?"

"Strictly speaking, it will be a lake a mile wide, and sometimes wider, and 140 miles long, for the Nile will be affected to that extent of its length up-stream. But a better idea of its vastness from the engineers' point of view will be that it will hold up the water to the extent of 1,000,000,000 tons."

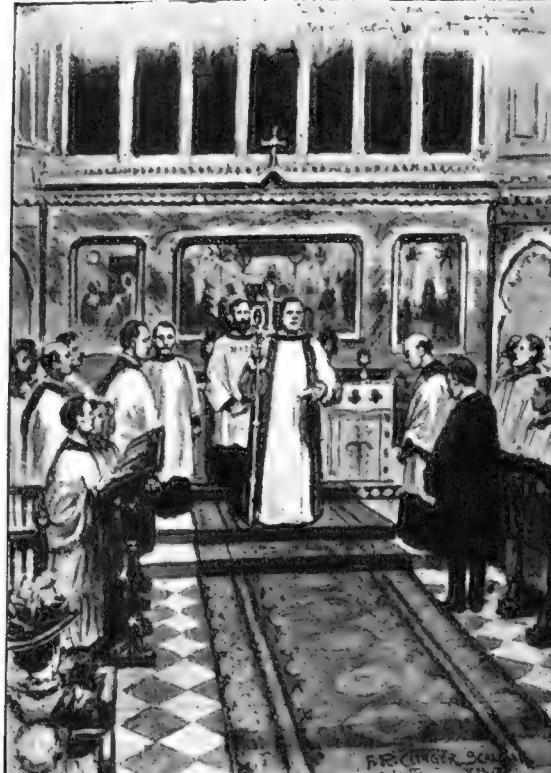
## The Enthronement of Bishop Welldon at Calcutta

DR. J. E. C. WELLDON, the new Bishop of Calcutta, was enthroned in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, at the beginning of February. The customary demand for admittance to the Cathedral was made by the new Bishop, his Chaplain striking the door three times



THE CHAPLAIN KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

with a mallet. Dr. Welldon in the course of the service made the promise to maintain the rights, privileges, and liberties of the Church, and to rule his diocese with both charity and justice, ordered for bishops, the scene afforded by the Bishop in his scarlet Convocation robes, surrounded by white-robed choir and clergy, being very striking. The service concluded with an address from Bishop Welldon, who also pronounced the benediction.



THE BISHOP MAKING HIS PROMISE BEFORE TAKING HIS SEAT ON THE THRONE

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE severe weather we have recently experienced reminds me that the appliances for coaling the domestic grate are still in a very unsatisfactory condition. During the last century I should say no improvement has been made in the coal-scuttle. It remains as awkward, as unsatisfactory, and as unmanageable as it was a hundred years ago. After having nearly dislocated both arms with using it, you find you have either smothered a languishing fire with coal-dust, or you have heaved upon it an unwieldy lump which takes you a considerable period to reduce to burning proportions. It is bad enough if you conduct these operations yourself, but if a servant attempts it, it is absolutely maddening. I do not know anything more exasperating than a servant coming in "to do the fire." The shooting on of the coals, the sweeping up of the hearth, the rattling of the bars is to me acute agony, especially if the performance is occasionally varied by clattering the fire-irons into the fender with a magnificent crash. Why cannot all these evils be avoided by having reasonably sized brown paper parcels of coals exactly the right size that might be stored in an ornamental cupboard beside the mantelpiece, and gently placed within the grate whenever requisite? This system, it strikes me, would be cleanly, expeditious, and easy to manipulate.

Nowadays most fairly educated persons can both write and draw, hence many seem to imagine there is a lucrative profession open to them either as an author or journalist, or a black-and-white artist. As a matter of fact they are entirely mistaken, and I am glad to find serious attention has recently been called to this, at least as far as artists are concerned, in a vigorous article in a recent number of the *Pal Mail Gazette*. In the course of this I read:—"At every editor's door there are hundreds of these would-be artists seeking work that never can be theirs. A parent, then, who takes the responsibility of allowing his son to join the ranks of these unemployed commits something not less than a crime. It cannot be stated too strongly that the artistic profession, in this branch at least, is crowded to overflowing. The youth who puts his foot upon the ladder will inevitably find that it leads downwards to poverty and to worse." There is no doubt whatever about every word of this being true, and it applies equally well to literature and journalism. The fact is, education and the multiplication of art schools have produced an enormous number of fourth-rate writers and artists, and this number has been swelled by the entirely fictitious reports of the vast sums to be made in such callings. The consequence is the two professions are overcrowded by a number of men of inferior ability, for which it is impossible to find employment, and those who might have made an excellent living as clerks in a City office, now pick up a precarious existence in what they are pleased to call an independent profession.

Judging from various communications on the subject, I fancy that there are many people beside myself find the prospectuses of companies very difficult to understand. I have occasionally when in difficulties over such matters taken a prospectus to a friend who is an expert in unravelling these bewildering treatises, and whose knowledge of commercial matters and the mystery of the money market is unbounded. It has been both refreshing and instructive to listen to his clever dissection, and the way in which he demonstrates the strength or the weakness of particular points in the document. This kind of thing we want—at any rate those amongst us who are so ignorant as myself—done on an extended scale and published every week. Depend upon it, a journal called the *Prospectus Review and Companies Analyst*, if honestly done, would not only be a great boon to investors, but would prove to be a popular and paying publication.

The system of distinguishing the houses where celebrated people have lived by tablets affixed to the front of the mansion is an excellent one, and has been successfully carried out in London. But it seems to me to have its drawbacks. With the miserable metamorphosis that is now taking place in the metropolis many of the houses alluded to will disappear, and there will be nothing to remind us of the dwelling-places of the great people of the past. Would it not be better to have the inscription incised in the pavement in front of the house? Then, if the house is removed, the record remains. In any case it would be much easier for the pedestrian to read, for the tablets are often placed at such a height as to be difficult to read, except for the long-sighted. If the information were cut in bold letters in the pavement, and these letters inlaid with brass—which would always be kept bright by the constant passing to and fro of the public—we should have a permanent record of the celebrities of the past which would be in the highest degree interesting.

The more we see of the Strand since the new regulations the more we are convinced that it only requires the traffic to be thoroughly understood and controlled to make the passage of the whole of London easy and expeditious. It is pretty plain that future designs for endangering the safety of London by burrowing beneath its surface for the purpose of making underground communication may very well be abandoned for the next fifty years. When people can travel expeditiously and comfortably by daylight in the open air, they do not care about playing the part of human bullets and being shot from one place to another in a tube. The police have managed the new system most excellently, and they have only to carry their efforts a little further to make the London streets all that could be desired. One thing they should lose no time about, and that is to have fixed points where omnibuses should take up and put down passengers, and they should be allowed to stop nowhere else. Years ago I advocated this plan, and I also suggested that waiting-rooms should be established at various points where every information with regard to omnibuses could be obtained. Great improvement might be made in having the special colours of omnibuses more distinct, and the route of each more clearly defined on their exterior. People ought, after a while, on the colour of an omnibus being given, to be able to tell the streets it passes through from start to finish.



AN UNRIVALLED PICTURE OF THE DRAMA'S GOOD PLACE  
DRAWN BY FRANCIS CRATE



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR NOTT

DRAWN BY THE LATE J. GELICH, R.T.

After the austere fast of Ramazan, that lasts for thirty days, during which time no believer is allowed to eat, drink, or smoke from sunrise to sunset, comes a festival called Bairam. The wealthier Mahomedans on the first day of the feast make presents to the Turks. The poorer classes do a roving business, the servants and give food to the poor. The occasion is also celebrated as a general holiday.

people from the villages flock into the towns, the streets become blocked with thousands of camels, donkeys, and carts; children are arrayed in new clothes, generally of yellow or bright blue, and the people give themselves up to three days of holiday-making. The street vendors of commodities in demand by the poorer classes do a roving business. The amount of violent gesticulation, shouting and bargaining that it seems to require to effect a transaction in which often the whole sum involved is less than half a piastre, or five farthings of our money, illustrates a phase of the tellahin character, which is most irritating to all who come in contact with them. As might be expected, the food stalls attract a goodly number of purchasers.

NATIVE LIFE IN EGYPT: SCENE IN CAIRO ON THE FEAST OF BAIRAM

## Music of the Week

LORD DE GREY and Mr. H. V. Higgins, directors of the Royal Opera Syndicate, left last week for the Continent, artist-hunting for the new season of opera which will commence at Covent Garden on May 8. They will visit Brussels, where *La Princesse d'Auberges*, one of the novelties of the coming season, is now being played. They will also go to Munich to consult with Herr Mottl, who is the conductor of Thuille's *Lobertanz*, another of the season's novelties, and while there they propose to go on to Vienna, where Goldmark's *Briseis* is being performed, and afterwards to Paris. It will be observed that Italian opera and Italian singers are at present overlooked. It is, however, still possible that a special troupe may come over from Milan to give us at Drury Lane some of the latest examples of Italian opera.

The new scheme of Mr. Schulz-Curtius, to give opera at the Lyceum next spring, has, it seems, nothing whatever to do with the Wagner business, nor with the Mottl repertory at Carlsruhe. Mr. Schulz-Curtius, it is true, is the representative in this country of Madame Wagner, but he rightly holds that the Lyceum is not the theatre for the more elaborate works of the great Bayreuth master. These compositions need a larger stage and more perfect stage machinery than the Lyceum can boast, and they also require larger orchestral space and accommodation for a bigger audience. Accordingly, Mr. Schulz-Curtius will rely upon lighter works, reviving, as he hopes, some of the less well-known operas of Mozart, which, he it said, will be very welcome, and also giving us again that charming work, *Hänsel and Gretel*, and, possibly,

a large number of singers took part, and various Welsh hymns were included in the music. The Eisteddfod at Queen's Hall last week was more properly a competition of choirs, solo vocalists, and instrumentalists than an Eisteddfod proper. The interest mainly centred in the Male Voice competition, in which two choirs, respectively of miners from South Wales and quarrymen from Carnarvon and Llanberis, took part. The quarrymen gained the prize, although the miners had some remarkable fine voices. The Carnarvon and Llanberis choir, by the way, were likewise engaged for the dinner given in honour of Mr. Preece, the Post Office electrician.

The Crystal Palace Concerts were resumed on Saturday, when a new orchestral piece entitled *Sister Helen*, from the pen of Mr. William Wallace, was produced. The young Scottish musician originally wrote this work as incidental music for a recitation of Rossetti's poem, and, accordingly, it is mainly based upon several representative themes, illustrating certain lines in the text. As abstract music, these themes of themselves are clearly insufficient to suggest the story of the poem, and the piece, which was conducted by the composer himself, proved to be rather lugubrious, and hardly so interesting as some of his previous works. Herr Dohnányi (who, on Monday, revived Schubert's Sonata in A minor, Op. 42, and played it very finely), Mdlle. Eibenschütz, Messrs. Walenn (who introduced a new, though not very interesting, pianoforte Trio in C by Dr. Walford Davies), and numerous others have given concerts.

THE "MOCK DOCTOR" AT THE GUILDFHALL SCHOOL  
Gounod's *Mock Doctor*, which was a couple of years ago tried by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, was the work selected

## Court and Club

BY "MARMADUKE"

The debate which took place in the House of Commons on Monday, in connection with the Foreign Office and Uganda, brought out one point which will be of interest to diplomatists. When answering Sir Charles Dilke, announced that a further increase in the Staff of the Foreign Office would have to be made this year. This is understood to be an additional Assistant-Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs.

It will be remembered that last year the Government, Assistant-Under-Secretary to the Staff of the Foreign Office, gave the appointment to a member of the Diplomatic Staff of the Foreign Office was somewhat disturbed by the departure, for though Foreign Office clerks had been appointed to posts of importance in the Diplomatic Service, it was a surprise that the operation could be reversed. It is expected that the appointment will be given to the Foreign Office, if only to smooth any ruffled spirits in that body.

Mr. John Liddell, the musical conductor who died last week at the age of seventy, was a star of the musical world.



GOUNOD'S "MOCK DOCTOR" BY THE STUDENTS OF THE GUILDFHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC AT THEIR NEW THEATRE

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

Stanford's *Shamus O'Brien*. Operas of this agreeable character, before the storm and stress of the regular season, will be a refreshing experience.

Sir Hubert Parry, who was one of the supporters of the Municipal Opera House scheme, has now, apparently, altered his mind. This, at any rate, we gather from the interview in the London *Argus*, in which the director of the Royal College of Music explains that, "although a subsidised opera house might, perhaps, enable the people to hear occasionally some works not usually performed by the regular opera companies, yet I rely more on the efforts which people can themselves make, particularly in the formation of choral and orchestral societies to bring good music within the reach of the very humblest of our large towns." Indeed, the scheme by which it was hoped that the money of the ratepayers—many of whom, by the way, object to opera and stage works generally—would be spent in an operatic subsidy, always was a more or less chimical one.

The music of Mrs. Craigie's (John Oliver Hobbes) new one-act play, *A Repentance*, produced at St. James's Theatre on Tuesday, was specially written by Sir Hubert Parry. It consists of an overture and some incidental music, and the first performance was conducted by the composer himself.

Welsh music has been strongly in evidence during the week. On Tuesday, the eve of St. David's Day, the usual service was held in Welsh at St. Paul's Cathedral, the anthem being specially composed by Mr. J. Ambrose Lloyd; while the service music, also specially written, was a *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in B flat, by Mr. Vincent Davies, organist and choirmaster of St. Benet, Queen Victoria Street. The whole of the service, as usual, was in the Welsh tongue. The Nonconformist Welshmen of London likewise held a Festival on the same evening at the City Temple, in which

for the first performance by the Guildhall School of Music students in their new opera theatre on the Victoria Embankment. The building holds an audience of about 700 people, and it seems a pity that in order to accommodate so many, the stage has been somewhat robbed of space. A larger stage would at any rate give the students a greater chance. *The Mock Doctor* is not a particularly difficult work, and considering that in order to economise the expense of the extra wind only one band rehearsal had been held, the performance was on the whole a fairly creditable one. The opera class, however, obviously does not attract the pick of the vocal students, although now that the class has been placed in the experienced hands of Mr. Ernest Ford for the music, and Mr. Hugh Moss for the stage management, better things may fairly be expected. Gounod's *Mock Doctor* ("Le Médecin malgré lui") is, of course, based upon Molière's immortal comedy, and the music, in much of which Gounod avowedly imitated the old Italian style, was written little more than a year before *Faust*. Sganarelle, the woodcutter, is a part which has made demands upon some of the greatest French comedians, and Mr. Hustler was, therefore, perhaps wise to avoid subtlety, and to play it in the spirit of broad farce, so that at any rate it evoked plenty of laughter. Mr. Keith was a somewhat heavy representative of the father, but the lover fell to a promising tenor, Mr. Triggs; and the two female parts were capably played by Miss Featherstone as the very juvenile nurse, and Miss Ida Norbury as the heroine who pretends to be dumb. The once famous sextet in the second act did not go very well, but the always popular chorus of woodcutters was capably sung and danced by the students, the ladies among whom had, under the superintendence of Mrs. Charles Smith, cut out and made their own dresses.

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There was once a well-known hostess—but I  
relate to the late Mr. Liddell—who was reported  
mean. It was even said that few orchestras would  
perform at her entertainments as the lady made it  
provide supper for the musicians. One night she  
at her house, and all went well until the dance  
and most of the guests had arrived. At this

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consent to  
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as a big ball  
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musicians suddenly ceased playing, and packing up their instruments walked solemnly out of the room.

Several years ago it was suggested in this column that the Royal Botanic Society would much improve the prospects of that institution were it to erect a club house in the gardens. This suggestion has been attended to, and the new club has been erected. Already over three hundred of the Fellows of the Society have been elected members of the club, and it is proposed shortly to increase the amount of the subscription and to exact an entrance fee. The gardens of the Society are in an especially central position adjoining the Regent's Park, they are exquisitely laid out, and, though imbedded in the largest city in the world, so admirable is the situation that no house is to be seen and the roar of the road is completely excluded. A more ideal spot for a London club could not be conceived.

It is fully time that the neighbouring institution, the Royal Zoological Society, should move in the same direction. A club house in the Zoological Gardens would prove a great attraction, for many would delight to roam about the grounds after dinner, and their doing this could not disturb those animals who were not shut in for the night. Of course, all the houses would be closed. Some slight additional expense would have to be incurred in providing light in the grounds and in increasing the staff. This outlay, however, would be amply repaid by the increase of members of the Society which the departure would bring about, and by the profits which the club would earn.

### The Shire Horse Show Challenge Cup

A VERY handsome 15-carat gold challenge cup, of the value of 100 guineas, is presented by the Shire Horse Society for the best stallion exhibited. This cup, which is held by the winner for the year, and carries with it the Society's gold medal, was won this year by Buscot Harold, bay three-year-old; sire, Markheaton Royal Harold; dam, Aurea, by Thornton Premier; exhibited and bred by Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P., of Buscot Park, Faringdon, Berks. The cup was presented to the winner in person by the



Prince of Wales on Wednesday last. Standing thirteen inches high, upon an ebonized base, the body of the cup is gracefully fluted, with the handles chased in the Renaissance style, the whole surmounted by a cover terminating in a chased and fluted knob. The cup was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield.

All lovers of the game of whist will have heard with regret of the death of Mr. Henry Jones, who was better known as "Cavendish," and was practically the maker of the game as it is played now. Mr. Jones was born in London in 1831, his father being a surgeon in the West End. He himself entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital and went into his father's profession for some twenty years, when he gave up medicine and took to writing. His first and still most famous work is one on the "Laws and Principles of Whist," by "Cavendish." He adopted this *nom de plume* from being a member of a whist club which had its quarters in Cavendish Square. He afterwards became a member of the Portland, the first club in London for whist. Mr. Jones was devoted to the study of the principles of games, and was one of the founders of the first influential croquet club, which was established at Wimbledon. He published treatises on the laws of picquet as adopted by the Portland Club, and on those of écarté as played at the Turf Club, a general treatise on round games, and a large series of small pocket guides of almost every card game.—Our portrait is by H. H. Hay Cameron, George Street.

The death of Baron de Reuter, has removed from among us a



THE LATE PROF. RUTHERFORD  
of Edinburgh University



THE HON. SIR ROBERT ROMER  
New Lord Justice of Appeal



MR. W. H. HOLLAND  
New M.P. for Yorks (Rotherham Division)



THE LATE MR. HENRY JONES  
"Cavendish"



MR. H. H. COZENS-HARDY, Q.C., M.P.  
New Judge of the H'g Court



THE LATE BARON DE REUTER  
Founder of Reuter's Agency

### Our Portraits

THE new judicial appointments occasioned by the death of the late Lord Justice Chitty seem to have met with general approval. Mr. Justice Romer succeeds the late Lord Justice in the Court of Appeal, and the new Justice of the High Court is Mr. H. H. Cozens-Hardy, Q.C. The Hon. Sir Robert Romer, who is the son of the late Mr. Francis Romer, was born in 1840. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he had a brilliant career, being Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman in 1863, and was made a Fellow of the Hall in 1867. Lord Justice Romer was also by no means undistinguished as an athlete while at Cambridge. He rowed in the Trinity Hall first boat, and was in the cricket eleven. On leaving Cambridge he became private secretary to Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, and then was for a time Professor at Cork. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and was in 1869 made Examiner in Civil Law at Cambridge, a post he occupied for about a year. In 1881 he was made a Q.C., and in November, 1891, was appointed one of the Justices of the High Court, Chancery Division, in the place of Sir E. E. Kay, who was created Lord Justice of Appeal. His promotion to the Court of Appeal has been well deserved, for he is said to be the best Chancery Judge since Jessel. His successor in the Chancery Court, Mr. Herbert Hardy Cozens-Hardy, Q.C., M.P., is a Liberal in politics. His promotion cannot, therefore, be attributed to party favour, but should be welcomed if only as a proof of the honesty of political parties in this country. Mr. Cozens-Hardy is the second son of the late Mr. William Cozens-Hardy, of Letheringsett Hall, Holt, Norfolk. He was born in 1838, and was educated at Amersham and at University College, London. He is a graduate of London University, having taken his B.A. in 1858, and LL.B. in 1863, at that University. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1862, and twenty years later was made a Q.C. He has sat in the House of Commons, as a Liberal, for the Northern Division of Norfolk since December, 1885.—Our portraits of Lord Justice Romer and of Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy are by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

man whose name had become a household word. Baron de Reuter created the most perfect system for the distribution of the world's news that was ever known. It is impossible to open any English paper without finding a certain number of Reuter's telegrams. Indeed, we are mainly dependent upon that source for our information on foreign affairs. Baron de Reuter was born in Hesse Cassel in 1816. At an early age he made the acquaintance of the famous telegraphic experimentalist, Professor Ganot, and devoted most of his leisure time to the study of telegraphy. When the telegraph line between Berlin and Aix-la-Chapelle was opened Baron de Reuter conceived the idea of transmitting news by telegraph. The business grew steadily, until in 1849 Baron de Reuter established an office in Paris. Two years later, after the Calais-Dover cable had been laid, he transferred his business to London, where it has increased year by year until it has representatives in every important city in the world. This business was turned into a company in 1865, but Baron de Reuter managed it until 1878. The title of Baron was conferred upon him by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. — Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Professor William Rutherford, F.R.C.S., who died last week, had occupied the Physiology Chair in the University of Edinburgh since 1874. He was born in 1839, and was educated at Jedburgh Grammar School and at Edinburgh University, where he graduated with honours in 1863, obtaining a gold medal for his thesis. In 1865 he was appointed an assistant to the late Professor Bennett, his predecessor in the Physiology Chair at his University. In 1869, when only thirty years of age, he was appointed Professor of Physiology in King's College, London, a post which he filled for five years, during three of which he was also Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution. His reputation as a teacher and lecturer was high, and his appointment to succeed Professor Bennett was well deserved. He was author of several works on scientific subjects.—Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The election in the Rotherham Division of West Yorkshire, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. A. H. Dyke Acland (Liberal), has resulted in the return of Mr. W. H. Holland, the Liberal candidate, who polled 6,671 votes against 4,714 given to his opponent, Mr. R. H. V. Wragge. The latter made a plucky fight for the seat, and reduced the majority considerably. Mr. Dyke Acland was returned unopposed in 1895. His majority in 1892 was 3,728, and Mr. Holland's was 1,957. Mr. W. H. Holland, the new member, is the son of Mr. William Holland, J.P., and was born in 1849. He is a cotton spinner, and is an Alderman of Manchester, and a director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. He is not new to the House of Commons, having represented Salford from 1892 to 1895, when he was defeated by Mr. F. Platt Higgins by six votes.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

### The Winner of the Waterloo Cup

The great coursing meeting at Altcar this year has been a great success. The Waterloo Cup was won by Mr. E. Rogers's Black



"BLACK FURY"

Fury, whose victory was thoroughly deserved. Last year he was beaten in the second round, and although he was successful this year at Sleaford, when he won the Bristol Stakes, he was scarcely looked upon as a likely winner of the Waterloo Cup. He was trained by Mr. Frank Hall.—Our photograph is by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.



King Carnival has gone through the usual routine of his stay in Nice. Unveiled by the weather, his regulation promenades throughout the town have been most successful. Townspeople and visitors alike have rigged themselves up in costumes, masks, and false beards. As in other years, thousands of confetti have been scattered broadcast, and on Shrove Tuesday, in the Place de la Mairie, the king was burnt in effigy, looking rather life-like as he flickered, and a hand or two gave way. The "Reprise des Flambards" took place on the following night, burning effigy, through the streets of Nice, leading torches and accompanied by all the jazzes

THE CLOSE OF THE CARNIVAL AT NICE: THE TORCHLIGHT MARCH PAST DURING THE BURNING OF KING CARNIVAL XXVII IN EFFIGY

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

## "THE ALCHEMIST" OF BEN JONSON

In the note to the playbill of *The Alchemist*, as given in the Hall of the Apothecaries' Company, at Blackfriars, last week, the enthusiasts of the Elizabethan Stage Society had been careful to forewarn their guests that Ben Jonson's once famous comedy is, as an acting play at least, not for all markets. "To be a thoroughly appreciative admirer of Ben Jonson," says this document, "one should be at once steeped in the classics and well versed in the plays and ephemeral pamphlets of the Jacobean age." How far the audience fulfilled these conditions I am not able to say; but there was certainly a small minority who were willing to incur the suspicion of not being steeped in the classics, or well versed in the dramatists and pamphleteers of the Jacobean period, by taking their departure some time before Face's little epilogue brought this "two hours' traffic of the stage" to a close. In justice to these it must be candidly admitted that *The Alchemist* strikes a modern audience as crude in conception and somewhat tedious, not to say puerile, in its humours; nor is it given to ordinary mortals to discern the vigorous dramatic portraiture which critics more happily endowed have discovered in *Subtle*, *Dol Common*, *Sir Epicure Mammon*, and *Tribulation Wholesome*. The comedy is founded on the *Mostellaria* of Plautus; but the satire upon the impostors who profess to practice alchemy and their credulous dupes, which furnishes the substance of the English play, is, of course, of Jonson's invention. Like *Volpone*, which it resembles in plan and method, it enjoyed great favour in its day; but so did many pieces which the world has nevertheless very willingly "let die." Its renewed popularity at a later period appears to have been due mainly to the genius of Garrick, who endowed the otherwise slight part of Abel Drugger, the "tobacco man," with a humorous individuality, the tradition of which extended to the days of Edmund Kean, who won the favour of Hazlitt in this character. The praises lavished by Sir Richard Steele, Coleridge and other critics on this play are, however, certainly excessive, as even Mr. Poel and his associates are fain to confess. "Recondite erudition" is not, as a rule, good material for the stage; and the prodigious knowledge of the jargon of the alchemists which the play exhibits, and which has been greatly extolled by some commentators, is only creditable to the dramatist's diligent exploration of the voluminous literature of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. The poet of *Underwoof* and the *Masques* will live in the hearts of lovers of poetry as long as English literature exists; but the truth is that in spite of the immortal Bobadil, it is not without good reason that Jonson's plays have been allowed to pass into the category of the unacted drama. I must not omit to acknowledge the care with which the company of the Elizabethan Stage Society had studied their parts. The performance, indeed, was in general force and spirit very much above the amateur standard, though the gentleman who played Abel Drugger, quaintly humorous though he was, hardly enabled us to understand how this part could have been regarded as worthy of the most distinguished actors of their day. It was a happy thought to give on the back of the programme extracts from Mr. Wheatley's "London," which remind us of the many interesting associations with the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama which clung to the precincts of Blackfriars within which this performance took place. I need hardly add that the Society maintains its custom of wearing costumes of the period, while rigorously eschewing curtains and changes of scene; though I am afraid that thorough-going disciples, with a suspicious turn of mind, might discern tokens of backsiding in the electric footlights.

## "A REPENTANCE"

The most conspicuous fault of Mrs. Craigie's little play at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE is that it attempts the impossible feat of setting forth a long and complex story within the compass of a single act. With more ample space and better opportunities at command the accomplished author of *The Ambassador* might possibly have made it clear to her audience how it was that her hero, the Count des Espanes, had been taken by his pious and devoted Countess for a brave and loyal soldier when, in fact, he was a mean and pitiful rascal, ready at a moment's notice to save his own life by going over to the cause of Queen Christina—the scene is laid in Bilbao during the Civil War of 1835—and fighting against his former comrades. In like manner, when, after being for two long years mourned as dead, he suddenly returns in the disguise of a mendicant friar, cynically avows his cowardly treachery, and openly mocks at his wife's belief in his honour, it would, perhaps, if time had served, have been possible to bring home to the spectator the mental processes which finally lead the Countess to offer her own life as the price of rescuing her worthless husband from the vengeance of his former associates. But the condensation which Mrs. Craigie has voluntarily imposed upon herself has rendered these elucidations impossible. Not less is a little light needed to make plausible the sudden return of this vacillating personage to his old allegiance under the influences of a newly awakened admiration for his Countess's self-sacrifice, and his sublime determination to die by way of expiating his offences. These matters involve what, in the critical cant of the day, are called psychological problems; but problems, psychological or otherwise, require to be worked out, whereas in this little play they are simply left for the spectator to make what he can of them. The appearance of Mr. George Alexander, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Miss Julie Opp in this short introductory piece, and the overture and incidental music provided for it by Sir Hubert Parry, who conducted in the orchestra, gave dignity to the occasion, and the author received a cordial welcome. It might have fared otherwise with a less popular personage.

Poor Miss Sarah Thorne, to whose benefit and the great interest that it awakened among her professional comrades we referred last week, has not lived to witness the projected demonstration of sympathy. She died at her residence, in Chatham, on Monday last.

THE MUSCAT

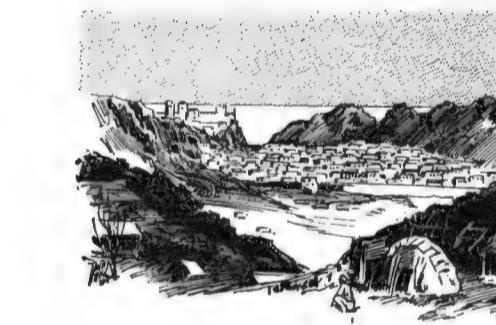
## Sketches at Muscat

LAST week we published a map showing the situation of Muscat, which has been brought into prominent notice lately by the threat of Admiral Douglas to bombard the town if the Sultan of Oman did not cancel his concession of a coaling station to the French. Our illustrations of Muscat and its inhabitants are from photographs brought to us by a correspondent who has recently visited the district in question. He writes:—

"Quite a feature of native life in Muscat is the story-teller—not of the American type. This more or less shady customer is a roving spirit who travels from town to town narrating to the frequenters of the coffee-house the most complicated yarns of love intrigues and harem plots. As soon as the listeners become interested, the speaker pauses and the brass bowl is passed round. As long as the contributions flow in freely the story is continued until, by frequent calls on the purse of the natives, it becomes evident that all the pieces have been collected; then the story is brought to a close, and the villain of the piece gets his deserts much to the satisfaction of the crowd.

These professional story-tellers have several ways of getting money, and adopt the same plans of the Dervishes in Persia. They play the part of astrologers or of holy men. They enter into public discussions with other men of the same calling. The winner of the debate nominally takes the money collected, but as a rule the two are in league and share the plunder.

At the entrance of the harbour is a small flat rock, which rises only



View of the Town, looking Sewards

a few feet from the water level. This used to be the execution ground of the district. The condemned were placed in chains,



and left without clothes, food and water, just beyond the reach of the sea, to die of privation, and of the effects of the sun,



THE AFFAIR: IN AND ABOUT THE CAPITAL OF OMAN

which shines in a cloudless sky and with tremendous vigour. It is said that no prisoner ever survived a second day's exposure.

The Sultan of Muscat has among his subjects a varied collection of all creeds—Mahomedans (both Sheéah and Sunnies), Hindoos, fire worshippers, Jews and Armenians, and in spite of this fact good order is maintained.

The slave trade is in decadence, but even now our gunboats, used for patrolling purposes, occasionally capture slave galleys, and rescue the Zanzibaris, who are taken to Muscat and set at liberty.

The British Consul has a bodyguard of Indian troops, and on the whole the consulate has a better appearance than has the Sultan's palace. Muscat has three consulates, the British, the French, and the American. The chief British authority is the Resident at Bushire. Muscat has no direct telegraphic communication with India, and Jask (in Beluchistan) is the nearest station on the Indo-European line.

## Lectures to Prisoners

MISS HONNOR MORTEN AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS

"WHICH of us will not admire Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian? For having lost an eye at the hands of one of the citizens, and having received the young man from the people that he should punish him as he would, he refrained from this; but having taught him and proved him to be a good man, he brought him into the theatre. And when the Lacedæmonians marvelled, 'I received this man from you,' he said, 'insolent and violent; I give him back to you mild and civil!'"

There is a growing feeling in England that our prisons should be made rather reformatory than punitive; it is very easy to punish a person; it is very difficult to reform them; and that which is good is difficult.

In America the fact that ignorance and crime are closely allied has led to the establishment of the Elmira Reformatory, and other institutions on similar lines. Much of the prisoner's time is given to educational work, and those who have "indeterminate" sentences are not let out till they have reached a certain standard; they have, in fact, to work their way out.

The Special Prison Commission of a few years ago strongly advocated lectures for prisoners, and last summer a beginning was made at Wormwood Scrubs with a course of Health lectures to women under short sentence. The lecturer chosen had had wide experience in nursing and lecturing, and was well acquainted with London slums, and the difficulties of those that dwell therein. The idea was that she was not only to teach the value of fresh air and the art of poultice-making, but that by a constant recital of kind deeds she was to instil into her audience humane thoughts and friendly feelings. The class proved depressingly dense; they were nearly all elderly and old in crime. But anything was better to them than the monotony of their cells and the wickedness of their own thoughts. As time went on they visibly brightened and tried to remember from lecture to lecture all they were told. They made a mental effort, and that was a great gain.

When the course of lectures was over a hitch occurred: the lecturer desired to be paid, and the Prison Commissioners had no available funds with which to pay. It became evident that any attempt to elevate and educate the prison class was impossible until an item could be inserted into the estimates to meet the necessary expenses. Whether that item will be in the estimates presented this Session it remains to be seen; Sir Matthew White Ridley has had his attention called to the matter privately, and Mr. Ruggles Brise, C.B., who is Chairman of the Prison Commission, is noted for his advocacy of advanced and humane methods. Red tape may, however, make it years before these needed funds are forthcoming. But those interested were not to be put off for years; they appealed to the National Health Society to provide the funds for the present, and the society promptly assented, and a second course of lectures commenced at the Scrubs.

This time "Star" women, or first offenders, were chosen, and showed a remarkable advance in intelligence on the old offenders class. From the first lecture they displayed a keen interest and a power of putting two and two together. It was possible to write up simple phrases on the black-board, for most of them could read a little, and their bandaging and poultice-making became almost professional in its neatness. The lesson took three divisions; the first ten minutes was devoted to questions, and the eager replies showed that memory was used all the week on the subject in hand. Then followed thirty minutes of quiet lecturing and keen listening and watching—for there were black-board illustrations, diagrams, models and examples to appeal to the hands and eyes of the audience, as well as words for their ears. All the senses were trained to clearer perception every effort was made to arouse, every effort to teach the value of trying. The last twenty minutes was given up to practical work, when the audience came forward and made poultices or changed sheets, applied bandages or wrung out fomentations. Obviously, if there is to be any teaching of criminals it ought to be on these lines—appealing not only to the mind, but to the sense and the heart. The indirect moral lessons so given are more likely to be remembered than the mere academic phrases of a sermon. You may tell a woman to love her neighbour and nothing may come of it; but put it in her power to render her neighbour a service—such as helping with a sick child—and it is ten to one the woman will eagerly do what she can.

But with a prison population of 150,000 a year, a course of lectures to twenty women is a drop in the ocean. What is wanted is systematic courses for men and women on different subjects by chosen and properly appointed lecturers. The Prison Commissioners should bring forward at an early date a complete and comprehensive scheme. Then they would have something new to tell to the Prison Congress which meets at Brussels next year. It is surely no coincidence which makes "Whitaker" give in parallel



MATAAFA  
The Rebel King



MALIETOA TANU  
The legally elected King



TAMASESE  
The legally elected Vice-King



LIEUTENANT GAUNT, R.N.  
who assisted in the rescue of Malietoa and  
his adherents

... the number of criminal convictions and the number of schools inspected, so that we see the connection between ignorance and crime at a glance:—

| Year. | Criminal convictions. | Schools inspected. |
|-------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1874  | ... 13,740 ...        | 15,671             |
| 1884  | ... 13,211 ...        | 21,892             |
| 1894  | ... 11,571 ...        | 22,763             |

Truly that judge was right who, whenever he saw a new school being built, remarked, "There is a prison being demolished." The colonial statistics for 1897 have just been issued from the Home Office, and the following quotation shows that it is prisons that make prisoners:—"Of the convicted prisoners, 85,893 had been convicted before, as against 64,052 not known to have been previously convicted, and 35,199 had been convicted more than five times; 1,695 had been previously under sentences of penal servitude. It is a fact that has to be faced, that neither penal servitude nor imprisonment serves to deter the habitual offender from reverting to crime, and it is the habitual offenders who form the bulk of the prison population."

And so it must ever be until we awake to the fact that it is our duty to reform and enlighten the criminal and not to shut him up with his own thoughts and brand him with a shame from which he can never again get free. It might even be possible to send all first

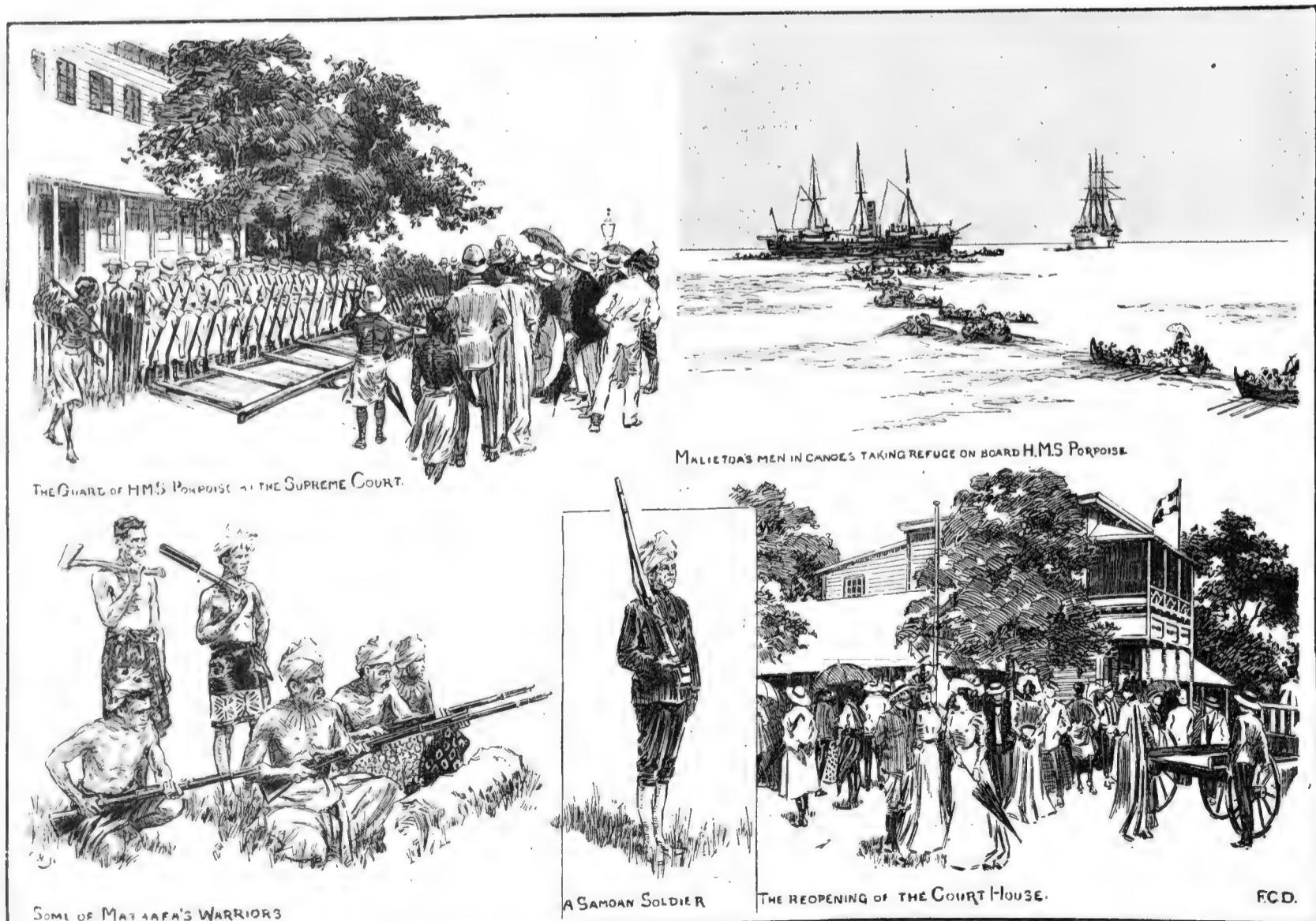
offenders to a "school for adults," and so save them the prison mark and give them a chance to retrieve.

### The Crisis in Samoa

To understand the situation in Samoa, it is necessary to recall briefly the events that have occurred since the death of King Malietoa, when two rivals appeared for the throne. One of these was Mataafa, who will be remembered as the victor in the sanguinary encounter between Samoans and German marines in December, 1888, and who was, with most of his followers, banished to the Marshall Islands in 1893 for rebellion against the late King. The other candidate was Malietoa Tanu, son of the late King. In September last he was permitted to return to Samoa. On December 31 the Chief Justice of the island declared Malietoa Tanu to be the legally elected King. Tamasese to be vice-King, and Mataafa to be disqualified. The British, German, and American Consuls met in conference with the captains of the British cruiser *Porpoise* and the German cruiser *Falke*, when the German Consul refused to recognize Malietoa and to co-operate in the dispersal of supporters of Mataafa. The natives thereupon assembled in large numbers at Mulatu, and surrounded Malietoa and Tamasese. The British and American Consuls endeavoured to avert hostilities, which, however, began on January 1.

Malietoa and Tamasese fought bravely, but they were defeated and took refuge on board H.M.S. *Porpoise*, on board which the Chief Justice and his family had also betaken themselves for safety. The British and American Consuls refused to recognise Mataafa and his chiefs. Their followers had in the meantime looted and burned a number of houses in Apia, that which belonged to the late Robert Louis Stevenson being among them. A force of bluejackets was landed from the *Porpoise*, and the Chief Justice, protected by a guard, again took his seat in the Supreme Court. Mr. Chambers, the Chief Justice, who is an American, has written a long letter, which has been published in New York, giving the clearest statement yet made about the troubles in Samoa. He says plainly that Mataafa won through violence, treachery, German arms and German leadership.

Lieutenant Gaunt, R.N., whose portrait we give, was in charge of the landing party from H.M.S. *Porpoise*. He has been presented by the young King Malietoa on board H.M.S. *Porpoise* with the late King's sword as a reward for his gallantry in protecting the King during his escape to the British man-of-war. Chief Justice Chambers made the presentation speech, eulogising the acts of Lieutenant Gaunt, who has throughout the revolution behaved in a most courageous manner, both he and his men remaining cool, though twice surrounded by rebels and in the midst of heavy firing.—Our portrait of Lieutenant Gaunt, R.N., is by the London Stereoscopic Company.



## "The Eighteenth Century"

"LE DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE," published by Messrs. Hachette and Company, is a brilliant example of a class of book that of late years has become extremely popular in France. It is not, the preface tells us, a history, but a picture of society, not certainly of the most staid, but the most elegant, the most brilliant, the most human, and the most open to the delicate seductions of the arts and letters. Mérimeé said that it was only by anecdotes that you could get a true picture of the customs and characters of a particular period, and it is for those of the same opinion that this book is written.



THE DAUPHIN, ELDEST SON OF LOUIS XVI.  
(From the Pastel by La Tour, in the Louvre' Muséum)  
"Le Dix-huitième Siècle." (Hachette and Co.)

The volume is illustrated throughout with the most delicate prints from pictures of the time. Watteau, Nattier, Fragonard, La Tour, and many others are represented.

One can imagine the condition of a Court the head of which (Louis XV.), on being told of the straits that the country was in, and how the situation menaced the Crown, replied to the effect that it did not matter, as the Monarchy would last his time. Both when Louis XV. came to the throne, and when he gained his majority, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Parisians, and when some years later he became ill, France went half mad with grief. But when the King died of smallpox, and his body was hurried through the Bois de Boulogne at midnight, on its way to Saint Denis, the only cries that were heard were cries of "Tafout! Tafout!" as if the crowd had just seen a stag and were imitating the ridiculous tone in which the King used to call when he was hunting.

A century which produced such men as Voltaire, Rousseau and Montesquieu, such women as Mesdames Pompadour, Du Barry and Maintenon, and such a Queen as Marie Antoinette, must necessarily be rich in anecdotes, and the editor of the volume, whose name, by-the-by, is not mentioned, is to be congratulated upon the varied selection he has made.

The etiquette of the Court was so strict that it was almost more than Marie Antoinette, coming straight from the more easy-going Court of Vienna, could stand. For instance, Madame Campan says that dressing the Queen was a *chef-d'œuvre* of etiquette. There was a maid of honour, a lady-in-waiting, and a first and second lady to dress her. Each of these had different duties. The lady-in-waiting managed the Queen's petticoat, the maid of honour poured out the water for Her Majesty to wash her hands. On one occasion, in the middle of winter, the Queen was waiting to be dressed, the lady-in-waiting had just handed a garment to the maid of honour, who was about to put it on the Queen, when there came a knock at the door, and in walked a Princess of the blood. As the Princess had entered the room before the Queen had got into her garment, it was necessary that she should place it over the Queen's head. To allow of this being done, the maid of honour handed it back to the lady-in-waiting, who in turn handed it to the Princess. Just at this moment came another knock at the door, and in walked a Princess of higher rank, and the whole arrangement

had to be gone through again. The same thing happened a third time, and by the time the Queen was clothed she was nearly perished with cold." Another thing that was particularly obnoxious to Marie Antoinette (that is to say when she was Dauphiness, for she put a stop to it when she became Queen), was the dining in public. Anyone respectably dressed was allowed in the palace during dinner time, and visitors to Paris from the provinces were always delighted to see the King eat his soup, or the Princess her dessert, and looked upon it as one of the sights of Paris. Perhaps the most interesting part of this book is that entitled "Les Salons." Every lady who had any title to be called a "Grande Dame" held a salon, and all the wits, artists, actors and writers were more or less under their patronage. Many were the *bon-mots* and amusing stories bandied about in the drawing-rooms of these great ladies. *Mariages de convenance* were the order of the day, and we are told that domestic felicity was jeered at and looked upon as a subject for ridicule.

The author tells us an amusing story of Madame Forcalquier, who received a box on the ear from her husband. She was rather pleased than grieved, as she counted on getting a separation. Her case, however, was not successful, so she went straight to her husband, and, giving him a tremendous blow on the face, said, "There, sir, is your blow back again; I can't make any use of it."

Besides the illustrations already mentioned, the volume contains many engravings of the furniture for which this period is so celebrated, including some examples from the Jones Collection at South Kensington.

Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift

THE letters of Jonathan Swift, now re-published from the *Atlantic Monthly*, are the correspondence with Knightley Chetwode during the seventeen years, 1714-1731, which followed Swift's appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's. Of the late representative of the Chetwode family, says John Forster, who was familiar with the correspondence, and would have made abundant use of it had he lived to complete more than the first volume of his "Life of Jonathan Swift," it may be said that "his rare talents and taste suffered from his delicate health and fastidious temperament, but in my life I have seen few things more delightful than his pride in the connection of his race and name with the companionship of Swift. Such was the jealous care with which he preserved the letters, treasuring them as an heirloom of honour, that he would never allow them to be removed from his family seat; and when with his own hand he had made careful transcript of them for me, I had to visit him at Woodbrooke to collate his copy with the originals. Then I walked with him through avenues of trees which Swift was said to have planted." The letters begin two months after Queen Anne's death, when Swift was bitter and disappointed at the downfall of his ambitions. They carry on the story of his life to the time when he once more flourished in popularity, if of a different order, and reveal, too, the rapid growth of the terrible malady which darkened his life. The letters, at first frequent, grow to being parted by longer intervals, and at the last the correspondence ends in a blaze of anger, and in one of those quarrels which are the hardest to heal of all quarrels—a quarrel in which the aggrieved parties commit their grievances to paper. To turn now to the letters. They are admirable reading, for Swift's place among the few brilliant letter writers has ever been an honoured one. But apart from their literary value, they contain such shrewd little touches as this, wherein writing to a London merchant [from Ireland, that



THE YOUNG KING LOUIS XV. ENTERING PARIS  
(Bibliothèque Nationale)  
From "Le Dix-huitième Siècle," (H. Lette et C. G.)

obscure and enslaved country, rather than live in which he could not live among the Hottentots, "if it were in my power", I say, "Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and I believe there are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by lying than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000 a day for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; and the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of its value."



MARIE ANTOINETTE, BY KUCHARSKI  
(From the Collection of the Duc des Cars)  
"Le Dix-huitième Siècle." (Hachette and Co.)

Elsewhere they are full of revelations of the man who once wrote to the Pope: "I have ever hated all nations, professions and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. . . . But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth." And who on another occasion and to another friend wailed: "You think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." Swift used to leave the profits of his writings to the booksellers, and declared once that he never got a farthing for anything he wrote except in one instance (Gulliver), and that through Pope's intervention. "As to Captain Gulliver," he writes to Chetwode in one of his most characteristic moods:—

I find his book is very much censured in England, which abounds in excellent Ju-  
dgments. I hear it hath made a book sale  
enough to be an Alderman. In my judgment  
I think it hath been mangled in the press,  
parts it doth not seem of a piece, but I say  
when I am in England. I am glad to see  
a new Taste of your Improvements, and I  
should more desire than some that we  
could spend the rest of my life in improving  
myself. I shall live and die friendless and  
inhabitant; and yet I have Spirit still to  
clutter about my little garden, where I  
have the finest Paradise Stocks for ornament.  
But I grow so old that I despond, and  
worry my Care except ease and indolence  
to keep my Health. I can send you a  
few books, but I never read any, nor suffer any person  
I am sure whatever it is cannot please  
Archbishop of Dublin is just recovered of  
been despaired of, and by that means  
rejoined some hopes.

One of the most interesting, but unfortunately too long for much quotation, which widened, if it did not set about, the rift between the courts. It is not a letter calculated to please, full of the most excellent sense of advice to a man whose "scheme of conversing, and living," says Swift, in every point diametrically from You would be glad to be thought man, and yet there is not a grain in you, for you are pleased that should know you have been acquaint persons of great names and titles, you confess that you take it for an which a proud man never took, besides, you run the hazard of it believed." He concludes by remitt him to fulfil his destiny, which was "a private gentleman," and entit self with "country business," "acquaintance." All the strictures been true, but truth is a severe friendships. ("Unpublished" by Dean Swift." Edited by George Hill, D.C.L., LL.D., T. Fisher &



MISS HONNOR MORTON'S LECTURES TO WOMEN CONVICTS: AN AMBULANCE CLASS OF FIRST OFFENDERS

AN EFFORT AT PRISON REFORM

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

"THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present at a review and afterwards breakfasted with the Sirdar at Omdurman." Such is the piece of news one may have read lately in the daily papers. It is only the improbable that ever happens. Some years ago, who would have thought it likely that in the distant spot whence Gordon prayed in vain for help from England, a Royal Duke and Duchess could breakfast quietly, surrounded by the comforts of civilisation? One is glad that a lady, and so intelligent a one as the Duchess of Connaught, should have been among the first to visit scenes, recently stained by bloodshed and savagery, now restored to peace and security. It must have proved an object-lesson indeed for the natives, when they gazed on the daughter of the Queen of England, calmly treading ground wrested from a fanatical and iniquitous system of tyranny, but which they had believed invincible. Recent accounts of the revival of agriculture along the Nile, and the increased confidence of the people, show plainly the blessings of English rule, and must have proved infinitely satisfactory to the Duchess on her interesting pilgrimage.

An intelligent Frenchman has been giving an account of impressions of University life. One item struck him specially, the apparent paucity of feminine power. He says, "They—the undergraduates—never think that the mother, the sister, and, later on, the beloved wife, are called upon to exercise a deep and mysterious influence on their lives. The family has little effect on the formation of character, and in the family the mother has less influence than anybody." Or, again, "How is it, I ask, that the English have not our family life, with its profound bonds of union and its lofty conception of the mother?" If this were true it would be deplorable. The average young Englishman is, perhaps, unnecessarily reticent about his demonstrations of affection; perhaps of late years somewhat too indifferent and heedless of the feelings and happiness of his parents. His manner towards them has grown brusquer and less respectful, and reverence for age has somewhat diminished, yet at bottom the average Englishman has an inherent love for home and for the old people. Then the opinions and wishes of mother are, perhaps, not considered quite so much as in France, where the bearded Frenchman's vapourings about his mother verge on the ludicrous, for the schoolboy leaves home at such an early age that he falls under other influences before he has attained the age of criticism.

But even the acute Frenchman recognises the value of the laws of honour and moral conduct, inculcated in school life, which make those who abide by them incapable of deeds of meanness and dishonour. The undergraduate loves the society of women, for, indeed, as the Frenchman carefully noted, "amidst these beautiful scenes in the gardens, where one heard nothing but the distant music of the violins, and the whispered conversations, young people exchanged the 'yes' which with us is too often said in the presence of a lawyer." Commemoration time at Oxford holds the same joys for the girls, the sisters and the mothers, as it does for the young men. Who that has watched the keen looks of delight, the fond glances of the lad's own people, as he rows his boat to victory or scores well at cricket, can doubt the influence of home life, the pride of relationship, the perfect sympathy that prevails between mothers and sons, and their interest in the boy's prowess and success?

A decision, very important to housekeepers, was promulgated recently by Judge Addison at the Southwark County Court. Every woman knows that dismissal in lieu of notice entitles a domestic to a month's wages, but few of us hitherto realised that the same law

applies to servants, and that the maid who throws up her place in a fit of temper, or hurriedly departs when she is offended, is liable to heavy damages for the inconvenience she causes her mistress.

This fact may cause servants to pause in their career of impertinence and heedlessness. Many modern servants care not how much they put out the family, and yet on the eve of a wedding, or at a moment of illness, how is it possible suddenly to replace, even an inefficient servant, much less a well-trained one? I have known servants who left suddenly just after receiving valuable Christmas presents, and at the instant company was expected, and, therefore, a little extra work, and others who in consequence of a harsh word said to them, have packed up their

Queen, resting in her bower, was informed of the rising of the *Popes*, and its approach on Versailles. Everything at the Trianon is *Popes*, queenlike in its very refined simplicity. To smarten up these long-abandoned haunts, sacred to historic recollections, for the sake of pleasing vulgar American and English tourists, is an *Popes* of *Popes* against which every cultured person should protest.

## The Rembrandt Exhibition at the British Museum

AN incomparable display unsurpassably arranged—such a verdict on the superb exhibition which, the result of six months' labour, has been brought in the great hall attached to the Print Room of the British Museum. The exhibition consists of sections—etchings, drawings, the work of Rembrandt, his contemporaries and scholars. Those who visit it in a frame of mind may have a whole subject with the facilities such as have not been set before the world in the third and last section, gloriously possible by the Sheepshanks' collection, the wonderful series of *Popes* own preliminary etchings, a magnificent set of *Popes* others—not less things than of extreme rarity. To all this that Mr. Colvin has prepared a catalogue which is the very model of what such a thing should be—scholarly, popular, and admirably to the purpose. And we have a completed catalogue which should crowd the Rembrandt Gallery for the next two years.

The most important division of the exhibition—more important even than the eighty-four examples that comprise the British Museum drawings of the master—is that which includes the etchings. Here we have, ranged round the room and in table cases, the whole of Rembrandt's work delightfully represented in absolute chronological order. Here may comfortably be seen impressions of every plate, from Rembrandt's first copy of his mother (1628) to "The Woman with the Arrow" (which belongs, I suppose, to 1661). The visitor may thus follow step by step, in greatest detail, the development of the greatest master the world has ever seen, tracing his development in technique, in mind, and in greatness, and the connoisseur will be charmed by the taste and care which put before him the various "states" of each plate—states number in two instances as many as six ("Christ Crucified between the Thieves," and "Christ Presented to the People"). If he cannot decide the points—why are they destined never to be decided—he can at least intelligently relate the various contentious noisome upon debate, and while weighing his accepted opinions of Bartsch, for example, the doctrines of Sir Seymour, Mr. Middleton, &c. &c. He will learn what etchings rejected as imitations were by Bartsch, were accepted as genuine work of Rembrandt, &c. &c. He will assuredly make a halt before the four versions of "Christ Healed the Sick"—the Hundred Guilder Print. He will easily recognise the stand before the crown of the most



The effect of wintry and stormy weather is to drive seagulls up the Thames as far as London. These birds are to be seen in large numbers hovering over the river. St. James's Park being a green spot near the river, the gulls make it their favourite haunt. They become very tame from being fed by people who bring biscuits and other food for them. But what they like best is of course fish, and to meet their wants, a gentleman is often to be seen feeding them with sprats. The gulls are so eager for this food that they will take a fish out of his hand.

WINTER VISITORS TO LONDON: FEEDING SEAGULLS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK  
DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

boxes and departed from the house without further excuse. No lady has hitherto been bold enough to sue them for damages. It will be curious to see whether in the future ladies, even as a threat, will avail themselves of their legal privileges.

One can but regret to hear that in the spirit of vulgarity and modernity that characterises this age, it has been decided to beautify (*sic*), by restoring, the Trianon for the Exhibition of 1900. All lovers of the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette must love its lonely gardens, the air of sadness and desertion that hangs around it, suffused as it is by memories of the happy hours passed there by Marie Antoinette, and of that last pregnant moment when the

master of the needle; and he will, perhaps, be hardly less by the fact that these of the "first impression" are two or nine impressions known, the value of them being to thousands of pounds.

There are ninety drawings exhibited; of etchings, attributed to Rembrandt, 297; and of the work of etchers under his influence, 523; and practical enlightenment and art is provided for the public in the collection of etchings in various stages of execution, from the smoked state to the final impression, with all necessary implements—the whole a complete demonstration of the art and mystery of the dry-point.



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## "A Princess of Vascoy"

In *The Golden Penny* this week appears the first instalment of an interesting new serial by John Oxenham, whose work is almost as familiar to readers of *The Graphic* as of *The Golden Penny*. Mr. Oxenham is the master of a vivid, breezy style, and his new story, "A Princess of Vascoy," is, perhaps, his most ambitious essay in fiction. Certainly, from first to last it will be read with breathless interest. In the course of a curious interview which Mr. Oxenham has himself contributed to *The Golden Penny* last week, he gives a few particulars about his career, and admits that he began to write "chiefly to see if I could do it, and as a relief from other business, but the pleasure of it gripped me, and I have never stopped since. If I never received a penny for my work I consider it has paid me many times over by the pleasure of it. It is very pleasant to me," continues Mr. Oxenham, "to be able to say that *The Graphic* was the first paper to accept my work. Two Jacks and the King—a story of two boys and King Death—appeared with a splendid illustration in *The Graphic* of December 26, 1896. The only time I get the chance of writing is after dinner, between nine and twelve at night, and I look forward to that time all through the day. Sometimes things run smoothly, and that is joy and gladness. I have done as much as two thousand words in a night, and on the other hand I have spent an evening over a page and an hour over a single word. Frequently I find the end of the story shape itself first and the rest grows up to it by degrees. I write always in pencil, and trim and polish as I go, and re-read and trim and polish again many times before the MS. goes off to be typed." "A Princess of Vascoy" is admirably illustrated by Frances Ewan, one of whose clever drawings we reproduce in miniature.



"GIVE WAY! I KILLED ROUSTAINE!"

Miniature reproduction of one of Miss Ewan's illustrations to "A Princess of Vascoy," by John Oxenham

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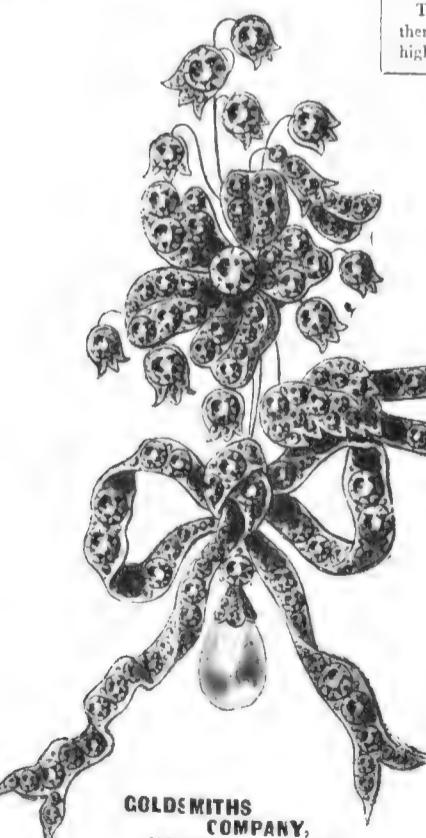
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## New Novels

## "THE ARCHDEACON"

AMONG the best examples of Mrs. L. B. Walford's always interesting and highly finished work is to be included "The Archdeacon" (C. Arthur Pearson). The novel, in accordance with her characteristic method, is rather a portrait than a story; but at the same time it has a somewhat fuller and more regularly constructed plot than usual. Theobald Yorke starts in life with lofty religious aspirations, which he imparts to Irene Ravelston, an ordinarily worldly minded young woman who has passed through her first season. The two, who might have become lovers, are parted. The effect of the higher inspiration remains with Irene; but when she meets Theobald, now Archdeacon, Yorke in later life it is to find in him the worldly ecclesiastic who has been spoiled by social success, and turned into a conversational parader of "Dear Duchesses." How the tables are turned, and the inspired becomes the inspirer, Mrs. Walford must be left to tell. The novel is always interesting, and, in respect of the Archdeacon at his worst, pungently amusing.

## "DILV-MAY-CARE"

May Crommelin's full title of "Dilv-may-Care; alias Richard Burke, Sometime Adjutant of the Black Northerners" (F. V. White and Co.), promises a rattling Irish story of fun and fighting, perhaps after the manner of Lever. In fact, Richard Burke is by no means the reckless person denoted by his sobriquet—quite the contrary; but just a gallant and amiable soldier who cared a great deal about everything and everybody worth caring for. His story is the framework for a series of anecdotes localised in the part of Ireland which forms the literary domain of the authoress of "Orange Lily"—of an attempted abduction; of a so-called "agrarian" murder; of that weird superstition the Water-Horse; of a Witch-Doctor; and of various kindred topics and characters. All are told with spirit, and the volume will be found thoroughly interesting.

## "THE COUNTESS THEKLA"

There is plenty of good reading—almost too much—in Mr. Robert Barr's "The Countess Thekla" (Methuen and Co.), of which the scene is laid in the quite sufficiently exciting times of Rudolph, the first Emperor of the House of Hapsburg. The plot is a capital blend of the connecting story of Lallah Rookh, of a suggestion of the administrative methods of Haroun Alraschid, and of the incidents of feudalism when Bishops were great temporal princes, and when brigandage was no disgrace to nobility. Boys of all ages will delight in the feats of the two English archers, John Surrey and Roger Kent—but, for that matter, not much less in the whole of Mr. Barr's novel, which has many of the special merits of the older school of historical romance, in addition to most of those—without the affectations—of the new.

## "IN STORM AND STRIFE"

Miss Jean Middlemass is evidently a thorough-going believer in the influence of heredity upon character. Of the two sisters, Peg and Molly Scarsdale, who play the chief parts in her new novel (Dinely, Long and Co.), the former takes altogether after their saintly mother; the latter after her feeble scapgegrace of a father. Peg is, of course, the heroine *par excellence*, and illustrates what is

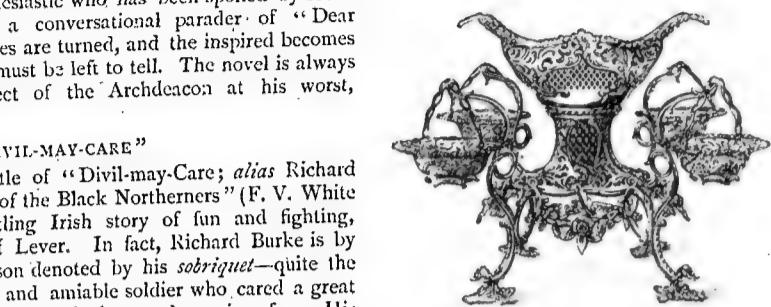
perhaps Miss Middlemass's most favoured theme—the infinite capacity of a woman for self-sacrifice, or rather for self-annihilation, even when the object is so poor a specimen of a rag-doll as Sir George Gregory. The authoress never shines in male portraiture. But her women are always admirable—women as women know one another, and not mere imitations of copies set by men. For this reason her novels are always worth reading.

## Presentation to the Mayor of Norwich

A PRESENTATION has just been made to Mr. G. H. V. ... the Mayor of Norwich, to commemorate the birth of a son during his Mayoralty, in the form of a piece of plate designed in a style prevailing during the reigns of Queen Anne and King George. The decorative part is much embossed by an elaborate engraving, with which the whole is enriched and which adds exceedingly to its value. The article carrying the basket is engraved with a repeating pattern of basket-work, each

able, enabling the baskets themselves to be used separately, whilst the centre is retained as a centre flower stand. The centre-piece was supplied by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Cheadle, of Cheapside, E.C.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—A NEW Book of reference is the "Sportsman's Year Book" (Lawrence and Bullen), edited by C. S. Colman and A. H. Windsor. The idea of the volume was suggested during the editors' work with Mr. Aslao upon the "Hand-Book of Sport," when the last-named gentleman originated the proposal to frame a Sportsman's Whitaker, leaving the task to Messrs. Colman and Windsor, who have compiled a very useful volume. Every kind of sport is dealt with. Each sport is treated on systematic lines.—"The Musical Directory Annual and Almanack" (Rudall Carte and Co.) has in its edition for 1898 reached its forty-seventh annual issue. It contains a list of musical institutions, an epitome of the principal musical events of last year in London and in the provinces, a list of musicians, vocalists, professors, and musical teachers, and a list of the new music published in the year ending on September 30, 1898. The obituary contains nearly seventy names.—"Sell's Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses" (Henry Sell) is a book that has become indispensable in the City. One has only to turn to "Sell" to find out the sender of a telegram when signed by a code signature, and thus what used to be a source of considerable trouble is removed. The book is well up to date, all information received from the Post Office up to January 1st being included. The book is also a guide to the leading business houses.



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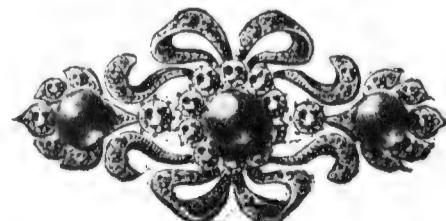
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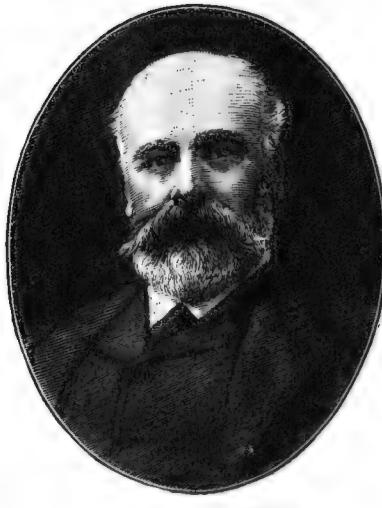
REMOTES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, VARNISH, &c.

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## The Missing Director

THE sixty-ninth half-yearly ordinary meeting of the Millwall Dock Company was a somewhat stormy one. Mr. H. Roberts, who was in the chair, had to answer more or less indignant questions as to the disappearance of Colonel Birt, the Chairman and Managing Director, who is accused of falsifying the accounts of the company. Mr. Birt possessed the fullest confidence not only of his colleagues, but also of the shareholders. The accounts show that the net revenue of company has been exaggerated year by year, and dividends have been paid out of capital. A committee of share-

holders was appointed to investigate the affairs of the company. A warrant has been issued for Colonel George Reymond Birt, who is described as being sixty-nine years of age and 5 ft. 10 in. in height.



COLONEL G. R. BIRT



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## PREFACE

THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

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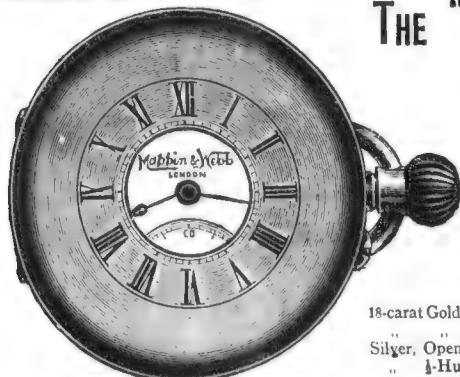
The one aim of the Book is to treat of Ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service.

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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

The brighter skies have been welcome, as has the crisper and more bracing air. While the night frosts have healthily and opportunely checked the too rapid growth of the winter wheat, the solar heat in sheltered places has, from noon till three p.m., been very perceptible, and to this may largely be attributed the rapid showing of catkins on the hazels and the flowering of the golden gorse. The humble chickweed is also in flower, but we have not yet seen any almond blossom. The mean date for the almond flowering is about March 15, while our earliest recorded observation is February 23. Farmers in well-drained, high-lying land have made a beginning with barley sowing, but we fear this important operation will be rather late than early as a rule. The low-lying lands are still saturated with moisture, though it is noted that absolute floods have gone down rapidly. The character of March for "many weathers" is very widely known, but the month, as far as our own observation goes, has a fairly consistent character of its own. It more often than not reverses the old proverb about coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb, the last few days of the month being not infrequently very rough, cold and stormy. Old University oarsmen will attest how many Boat Races have been rowed in atrocious weather; and the Boat Race in most years falls in the last few days of March. The reputation of March for dust and wind seems to us well deserved, and the Meteorological Office fully confirm its name as one of the driest months of the year. The average is only 1.54 inches. Sometimes it is all but rainless. In March, 1893, only 0.41 of an inch fell. Sunshine with March increases notably. The February average of 47 hours is exactly doubled. Temperature makes very little advance; in fact, the sun being higher and shining more hours

without the month's average being more than 2.2 degrees above that of February looks as if the temperature between sunset and sunrise was actually lower than in the preceding month. We believe many observers have been of this opinion, and the average number of frosty nights in March is the same as in February. The persistent prejudice against an early spring is indicated in the March proverbs that "flies swarming" and "gnats dancing" bring death to sheep, that "the March sun wounds," that sun in March nourishes aches (Shakespeare). The Scotch say that "March win' blooms the whin," but this year the gorse was well out before February had left us. Why "a foggy March" should portend "a wet summer" we altogether fail to discern, but the March saying "as bad as thunder in March" is, we take it, a variant of the old dislike to a precocious season, thunder going with warm weather. Is the present season early? It is generally spoken of as in advance of ordinary years, and the early flowering of the gorse and chickweed—the latter is usually timed for March 4, but was out this year on February 18—look like it. On the other hand, the wheat, although coming on strong, does not look to us at all higher than usual for the beginning of March, and the blue speedwell, which is supposed to flower on February 19, was not out more than a day or so before that date. Birds did not pair particularly early, nor have we yet seen any peach blossom in the open, though by the end of February this is no infrequent sight against sheltered walls.

## LOAVES AND SACKS

How many quarter loaves can an ordinarily smart baker obtain from a sack of sound flour weighing 280 lb.? Some authorities have said as many as 105, others say a round hundred. But the London Chamber of Commerce says 90, and Sir John Lawes says 94. There is thus a difference of 15 per cent., which is enough to alter the calculations of any trade. The baker is naturally interested in

making out as low a figure as possible, while the analytical chemist is apt, perhaps, to assume an ideal result as normally obtainable; which, of course, it never is. The best practical information, therefore, would seem to be that to be derived from Government sources, and it would be particularly interesting to know how much bread is ordinarily obtained from a sack of flour in Government bakeries in (1) barracks and (2) prisons. Where boards of guardians conduct their own bakeries instead of contracting for the supply of the union similar returns would be most useful. Will no member of Parliament undertake to move for such returns? They exist, but the Press has no access to them, and they do not appear to be known, even unofficially to any of the writers on the subject. Confectioners get 110 loaves to the sack from fine Hungarian flour, but this is only obtained from very special flour and by specially hard as well as skilled work.

## THE KNIGHTS OF THE SOIL

We have nothing to say against the recent speeches of Lord Beauchamp, Sir H. Fowler, and Mr. Chaplin, in all of which the man who actually works on the land is spoken of as "serving the country not less than the Civil servant," as "the real mainstay of agriculture," and finally as "a knight of the soil." But the agricultural labourer cannot, we fear, have his pension without he says, and on his fifteen shillings a week (which is only fourteen shillings in remote districts) to even suggest that it is a bitter mockery. The alternative is different in his case from that of a Civil servant on the one hand or that of a farmer who is helped by the Agricultural Benevolent Society on the other. The Civil servant gets his pension out of his own market value. But for the pension the Government employ would attract an inferior type of man. Even as it is, compulsory thrift drives the more energetic and creative minds into other professions than the Civil Service, so that that department

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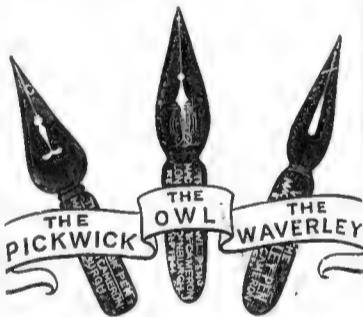
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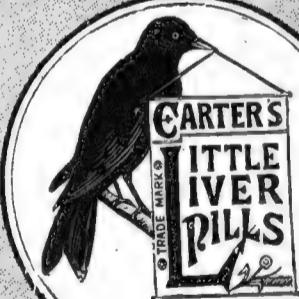


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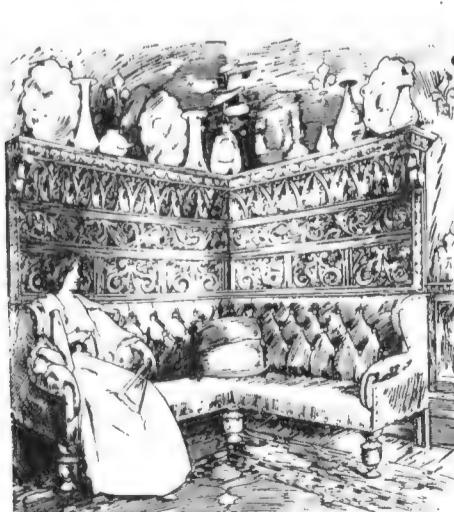
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a byword for the lack of initiative. And the farmer has risked his capital as well as his energy for the common good. If he comes to grief he has a different claim altogether to that of the man who has never risked anything or dug a rod of land unless he was sure of a cash on the work being done. The alternative in the case of the rural labourer is between doing nothing and the State doing something out of the earnings of the classes who help themselves and make a margin.

### Two Art Exhibitions

The humour of Mr. Hugh Thomson is infectious. His humour is always good humour, rollicking, refined, full of character, alive with the spirit (at least what there was good in it) of the eighteenth century, with a sort of unconscious artlessness in the realisation of

his subjects which is extremely refreshing and delightful. Mr. Thomson's illustrations to the books which Messrs. Macmillan have for ten years past put forth in rapid sequence, are not mere ordinary illustrations; there is scarce one of them which taken from the set and hung upon the wall, will not hold its own as a dainty and a charming work of art. In sentiment the artist is infected with the merits of Caldecott, Charles Green, and Mr. Abbey. In execution he has many of their merits added to much originality of his own; and there is no man to whom "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Cranford," or the charming modern-antiques of Mr. Austin Dobson appeal, who can resist the daintiness, the spirit, and "go" of Mr. Hugh Thomson's conversation-pieces or visions of country sport. His girls are so fair and quaintly graceful, his yokels are so stupidly honest and pleasantly ugly, his huntsmen such devil-may-care sportsmen, his landscapes and townscapes so thoroughly English and beautiful, and, if one may be comprehensive, so early-nineteenth-century, that a visit to his

exhibition at the Continental Gallery, in Bond Street, puts one in excellent good-humour with one's self, and forthwith makes one feel a friend of the man who is so genial and humorous, so clever, restrained, and refined.

Lovers of water-colour art by eminent water-colour painters, living and dead, usually look to the annual exhibition at the Old Bond Street Galleries for the assemblage of many of the finest examples which for the moment are to be found in the market. In the thirty-third exhibition which is now being held Messrs. Agnew have included a number of works of great interest, several of Turners of high quality, belonging chiefly to his earlier period, some Peter de Wint, William Hunt, Copley Fieldings and other masters of their day, together with drawings which, for quality, regret to see in a room where standard of high excellence is commonly well maintained. Yet there is probably no gallery in London where so wide and varied a survey of the art can be obtained as in



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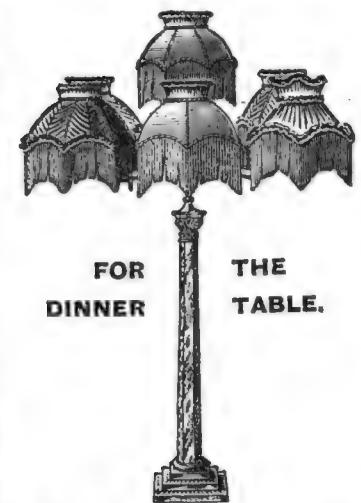
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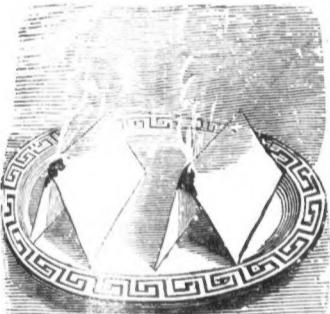
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THE GRAPHIC, MARCH 4, 1899

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